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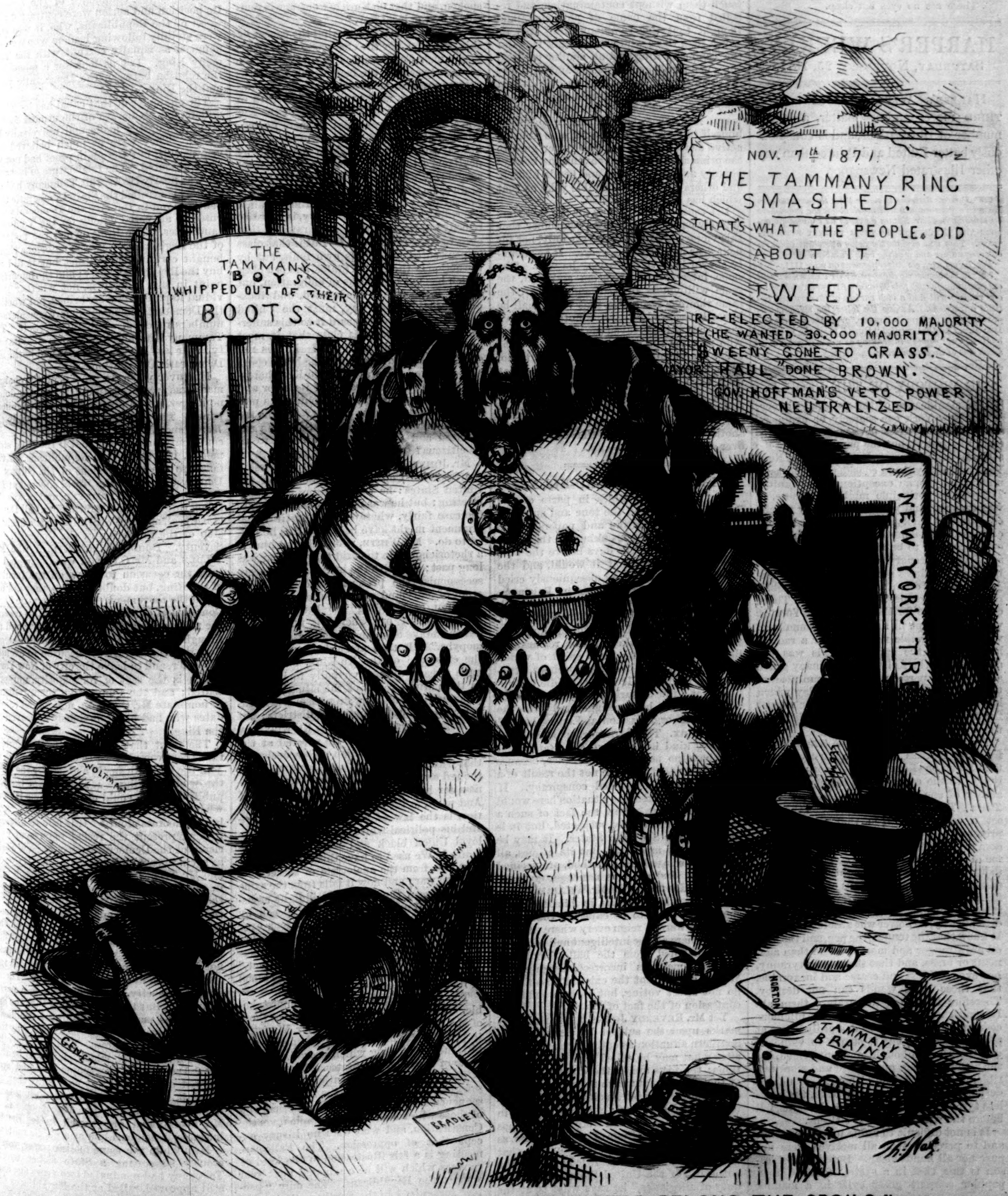
NOV. 7th 1871.
THE TAMMANY RING SMASHED.
THATS WHAT THE PEOPLE DID ABOUT IT
TWEED.
RE-ELECTED BY 10,000 MAJORITY
(HE WANTED 30.000 MAJORITY)
SWEENY GONE TO GRASS.
MAYOR "HAUL" DONE BROWN.
GOV. HOFFMAN'S VETO POWER NEUTRALIZED
THE TAMMANY "BOYS" WHIPPED OUT OF THEIR BOOTS.
NEW YORK TR
WOLTMAN
GENET
BRADLEY
NORTON
TAMMANY BRAINS
$
Th: Nast

"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS."

## MATINS.

By JOHN HAY.

THE trembling pulses of the dawn
 Fill with faint gold the violet skies,
And on the moist day-smitten lawn
 The peace of morning lies.

A blessed truce of woe and sin,
 A glad surcease of care's annoy,
The waking world has pleasure in
 Its matin light and joy.

And all the joy that fills the air,
 And all the light that gilds the blue,
I see it in your eyes and hair,
 I know it, love, in you.

O'er lips and eyes and golden floss
 There floats a charm I can not reach—
A wealth of love, a threat of loss,
 Beyond my subtlest speech.

The amethyst flush will fade above
 Into the dust-dim glare of noon;
The love of youth, the youth of love,
 Will fade and pass as soon.

Kiss close, beloved! for never yet
 Could love its bloom unchanging keep;
There are no hearts but they forget,
 There are no eyes but sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

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## THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE.

THE significance of the political victory in New York can scarcely be exaggerated. Both the great parties were interested in the contest, but the popular system itself was more interested. The city of New York had always been considered to be, as it undoubtedly is, an exceptional community. The popular principle might fail there, it was thought, and yet not be vitally touched. It was a city, it was alleged, largely composed of a doubtful foreign population, of a character to be swayed by wholly personal and mercenary considerations, and not by great principles nor by reason. The majority, it was often asserted, was a rabble, ruled by demagogues at their pleasure. There can be no hope for the city of New York, it was said, except in a Vigilance Committee, which is a forcible revolution, or a radical limitation of the suffrage. This was unquestionably the feeling of very many grave and sensible persons when the sun rose on the morning of election day—a day which has probably greatly deepened their respect for human nature, and their confidence in the appeal to the people.

First of all, the result is the triumph of a free and fearless press. In surveying the field let no one forget that its glory is largely due to the courage, the fidelity, and the ability of one great journal, the New York *Times*. The battle was, in fact, at the outset a contest between that fundamental principle of a popular government, the freedom of the press, and that ancient and fatal foe of republics, corruption. The mean tyranny of Tammany had bought and frightened and silenced many organs of public opinion, as they were called, and it was sure that if it could only muzzle those that still spoke independently, its power was absolutely secure. It knew that the tongue, the pen, and the pencil are stronger and more durable than adamant or brass, and that there is no tyranny, however ruthless and coarse and inexorable, that those little wands can not destroy. Therefore it wished to paralyze them all. It struck at the free press in its infamous code amendments, and in dastardly blows at private business, but it struck in vain. A great journal, unbought and unterrified, led the assault, which grew more and more terrible, until this vilest although formidable despotism of the Tammany Ring, the reckless tyranny of thieves and blackguards, fell before the wrath of honest citizens.

It is not difficult to refine upon the result, and to perceive that all motives were not pure nor all hands clean. But the chief lesson is this, that in a system founded upon popular consent great evils in a manner tend to cure themselves by developing hostilities among themselves. In other words, knavery can not always be united. It is distrustful and blind, and its dissatisfied element will combine with honesty and intelligence to work a reform. If it be said—and there is great force in the remark—that a victory for absolute honesty and intelligence is not won by such an alliance, the reply is, that in political contests we may wisely be content with something less than victories of absolute right, if only intrenched wrong is hurled from power. The moral stimulus that follows is of incalculable benefit.

But the victory has been won only by the most unprecedented activity and zeal and union of all honest men in the city. They have learned their power, and let us hope that they have also learned the conditions of its efficiency. If we would have a free government, we must pay the price, and the price is care and thought and trouble and labor and sacrifice. TWEED and the Tammany Ring ruled the city because thousands of intelligent and refined persons hated politics, and thought that no gentleman could touch them without contamination, and recoiled from the name of politician, and thought that the Tammany Ring was no worse than those who would break it. But the Tammany Ring and all similar political rings make politics disgusting and repulsive for this very purpose. They wish to disgust and to repel honest and decent men, for then they are sure of having their own unclean way. And every honest man who suffers himself to be repelled, who refrains from an active share in politics, who never goes to the primaries nor to the conventions, betrays honesty and his country, and bends himself and others to such a miserable yoke as that which has just been spurned.

Let those who have now for the first time actively engaged in politics remember that this victory is won for the year only, not for next year nor for future years. It has merely shown how victories may be won. The same interest and attention and zeal, the same willingness to bear and forbear, the same rigorous resolution that votes shall be honestly cast and honestly counted, will save the future as it has saved the present. Those who now for the first time have done what every American citizen ought always to do, have learned also for the first time what they have always heard without comprehending—that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It will be the fault of no class but that of honest and intelligent men if another tyranny as foul as that of Tammany ever again enslaves the city.

## EXCUSING THE KU-KLUX.

THE Ku-Klux troubles in parts of the Southern States, and the tone and spirit of the Democratic orators and papers in the Northern States in speaking of them, unpleasantly suggest the days before the war, when slavery did what it would, and the same orators and papers obsequiously cried Amen. The recent meeting in Baltimore over which Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON presided, and at which he and Mr. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHITE, since elected Governor of Maryland, were the chief speakers, was a remarkable illustration of the tone and spirit of which we speak. The facts of the Southern situation are familiar. It is merely idle to suppose that a few disturbances and occasional disorders have been exaggerated into the story of the organization and operations of the Ku-Klux. There are murders and abuses of every kind in the Northern States; and they have no peculiar significance, because it is known that they are not the result of a general, secret, organized conspiracy. If that were suspected, the situation here would be very different. Now the fact of such a conspiracy is not only suspected, but it is known in the Southern States. It may be magnified by mystery. But its crimes, all showing an intelligible method, are verified in detail. Indeed, it is unnecessary to insist upon this truth; for Mr. WILLIAM PINCKNEY WHITE himself asks, in his Baltimore speech, "Was it to be expected that peace and order were to reign every where through States where all the intelligent and educated were excluded from the ballot-box?" etc. The statement is incorrect, because Mr. WHITE knows that the existing disabilities do not affect voting, but it is a sufficient confession of the fact of disorder.

Yet Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON begins his remarks upon the subject by depicting the Southern situation as entirely peaceful. He cites what may be called technical illustrations: the forts are in the quiet possession of the government; each State is represented in Congress; each has its Governor, Legislature, and Judiciary; our ships are safe in Southern ports—in other words, no State has seceded into an attitude of open rebellion, as in 1861. But when Mr. JOHNSON says that there is "a general acknowledgment of the authority of the United States and of the duty of allegiance," he says what is, at the most, only formally true. There are those in the Southern States who sincerely believed that secession was a right, who fought for it bravely, and who have honorably acquiesced in the result. If we had to deal with them only, there would be no trouble. But the characteristic feeling, as we gather it from the best authorities, is one of passive submission to the inevitable. The government is regarded as a despotism and tyranny to which general armed resistance is impracticable. But this is the very sentiment out of which a midnight organization of the more reckless spirits would be developed, which the others, knowing that they were not themselves threatened, would not trouble themselves to repress. It is not candid, therefore, for Mr. JOHNSON to describe the situation as he does. He represents the President's proclamation as directed against a wholly peaceful and loyal section of the country; and although he says that the courts sit tranquilly for judgment, he remembers to forget that the juries, if not drawn from the Ku-Klux, are largely composed of the passive class of which we have spoken, and that no Ku-Klux outrage is remedied by the local law.

We are not now considering the causes of this situation, nor the character of the remedies which Congress has authorized. We are merely stating the facts which Mr. JOHNSON suppressed, just as the Democratic orators *ante bellum* used to conceal the truth in regard to slavery. The question of the Ku-Klux legislation was this: Is there no constitutional remedy for citizens of the United States who in any State are deprived, by negligence to enforce the law, of the most sacred rights? Suppose the Ku-Klux in any State to be the majority, and Ku-Klux courts refuse to convict the authors of crimes against a certain class of the community, is there no remedy but the voluntary withdrawal of that class to some other State? But if that class is persecuted not by its own fault, but by the action of the United States, and is a class which has not the means of emigration, but which is poor and uneducated, and inexperienced in every way, must the United States, which have exposed it to this suffering, merely inform this class that it must suffer as patiently as it can? Is this not substantially acquiescing in the black codes that followed the war—the Ku-Klux harrying the black race because of its color and loyalty, and the courts sanctioning the persecution by refusing to convict? Is this the protection which the United States is authorized and bound to give directly to all its citizens?

Mr. JOHNSON, indeed, was not addressing the Supreme Court, nor the Senate of the United States: he was speaking to a mass-meeting; but he was morally bound to state the case fairly, whatever his constitutional argument might have been, and this he failed to do. Mr. WHITE, who followed him, is a rhetorician. He too said that the war was long past; and with the instinct of a sincere secessionist the present Democratic Governor of Maryland spoke of the army of the rebellion as standing "as heroically and firmly against overwhelming numbers as did the brave Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ." He then proceeded, not to deny the existence of the Ku-Klux, but, as we have already quoted, virtually to justify it as the natural result of the situation. He denounced the military despotism which superseded law in the disturbed districts; but he failed to state that it was Ku-Klux law which was superseded. He sneered at the President's peaceful Indian policy, declaring that while he is "soft as a mother's smile" to the red savages, he "knows no law of kindness for his white brethren at the South." And what, in the name of humanity and justice, is the law of kindness of Mr. WHITE and his political white brethren toward the loyal Union black and white men at the South? We used to have this cant of Christian love from the apologists of slavery before the war; and now it falls from the same lips to screen the Ku-Klux midnight assassins. Mr. WHITE concluded his speech by bewailing the apathy of good citizens over "the infractions of the Constitution," having just compared to the brave heroes of Thermopylæ the men who tried not to "infract," but to smother that Constitution in the blood of its defenders.

The significance of all this is unmistakable. The tendency of such speeches as those of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON and Mr. WHITE is to prolong the disorder and exasperate the bitterness of feeling which prevail in many parts of the Southern States. The pretense is regard for the Constitution and for the safeguards of liberty, and the necessary consequence is the encouragement of crime and of those who would gladly trample upon the Constitution, and who wish no liberty except that of oppression. The Baltimore meeting is a fair illustration of the kind of canvass which will be conducted next year against the Republicans. The only "people" recognized in the Southern States will be the active Ku-Klux and their passive supporters. There will, however, be one advantage for the country, and that is, that in the discussion the constitutional principles of the Ku-Klux legislation will be fairly presented to public consideration, as they have not yet been, and will be fully understood by the people, as they are not now. Even those Republicans who were disposed, with us, to question the propriety of that legislation will, perhaps, agree that they had not fairly perceived the constitutional authority of that legislation.

## THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND TAMMANY.

THE question in the late New York election which has most interested the country is the relation of the Democratic party in this State to the Tammany Ring. Some of the Democratic papers have incessantly declared that the contest was a purgation of the Democratic party by its own leaders and agencies, and that the party was therefore entitled to the confidence of the country. Its position and action were contrasted with those of the Republicans, who, it was said, were stolidly following leaders who were denounced as equally corrupt with the Tammany Ring. Let us look for a moment at the relation between the Democratic party and the Ring.

The character of that cabal has long been understood. Charges of the utmost corruption were openly made and universally believed. They were as much believed last year as this, but the plain proof had not yet been presented. The Legislature of last winter was nearly tied. But Tammany had absolutely controlled the State Democratic Convention, and in the city the Democrats who voted at all voted chiefly for the Tammany candidates. The Ring owned the majority of the Legislature. It was notorious that it bought certain Republicans, but it did not buy the Republican party; and the important point in this inquiry is, not whether individual Republicans were bribed, but whether the Democratic members in any considerable numbers rebelled. Nobody asserts it. The Tammany Ring absolutely controlled its party in the last Legislature, as it had in the last Democratic Convention.

Moreover, when the proof of all the charges made was presented, and there could be doubt no longer, it was presented by a Republican paper. The Democratic papers, notably the *World*, sneered and defied, while the *Argus* could only sullenly say that if the Ring stole money, it was to buy Republicans. Even down to the appointment of Mr. GREEN as Deputy-Controller the *World* sneered at Mr. TILDEN and Mr. HAVEMEYER, and it was the rising tide of popular wrath, not at all Democratic zeal, as such, which led to the decisive step of the formation of the Committee of Seventy. Doubtless honest men like Mr. TILDEN and Mr. O'CONOR were very glad to seize the occasion to throw off the incubus of the Ring, but doubtless, also, they did not begin the movement. The Democratic State Convention of this year declined to receive the reform delegation from the city, and although it did not seat the Tammany delegation, it permitted that delegation to exclude the other, and to leave the city of New York, which is the seat of its majority, unrepresented; and the Convention then, refusing to nominate Mr. O'CONOR, nominated candidates who had been previously approved by the Ring.

The most that can be said, therefore, is that there were honest Democrats enough to join the Republicans in a union for the overthrow of the Ring. It is true that the Republicans alone could not have done it; but what would have been the fate of the reforming Democrats alone? It is idle to attempt to misrepresent the recent movement as a rising of the Democratic party of New York, as such, to cast off Tammany. Mr. O'CONOR and Mr. TILDEN and Mr. SEYMOUR took part in the general movement. But it was not the Democratic party that put the care of the city into the hands of Mr. O'CONOR and Mr. EVARTS, but it was the force of the movement which the Democratic party did not begin. The victory, we repeat, could not have been won in the city without the cordial union of men of both parties. Therefore, in the city, the result is not a party triumph. But the fact remains that the exposure was made by a leading Republican paper, and was most vigorously urged by the whole Republican press. While, on the other hand, the *World*, which claims to be the chief Democratic newspaper, resisted and sneered until denial was so absurd that, as usual, it ate all its words, and finding that it could not hope to persuade people that Mr. TWEED had grown rich in legitimate business, denounced him as a public robber.

Meanwhile the same foolish paper, vociferously supporting a State ticket which Tammany had nominated two years ago and still approved, railed at the Republicans for sustaining candidates against none of whom was a word ever breathed implying Tammany sympathy or alliance, because they were supported by what was called the Custom-house, the head of which had been charged by the *Tribune* with fraud and Tammany taint. But if the charges of the *Tribune*, which were not proved, were to be considered as tainting the Republican State ticket with Tammany, how much more should the proved frauds of the Ring have tainted the Democratic State ticket with the same corruption!

But the people have decided. We refer to the facts only that in the heat of the happy result the truth may be recorded. The great event is the work of honest men of both parties. Henceforth let those honest men take care that there is no Tammany Ring of either party.

## THE NEXT DUTY.

During all the contest which resulted in the election the important point to be gained was not only the punishment of the members of the Ring for stealing, but the prevention of future thefts by the destruction of the system which they had established. This point has been gained beyond all question. Not only is the Ring routed, and its majority lost in the Legislature, but the veto of its old agent, the Governor, has been paralyzed. The reformers have obtained the absolute control of legislation, and, with the power, the responsibility. They can do what they will, and they must, therefore, will wisely. They can make such a charter for the city as they please, and it is essential that they should be governed by the most sagacious counsels.

The Legislature which will meet at the opening of the new year is the most important body of the kind which has assembled in this State for a very long time. It will be a strictly Republican Legislature; for it was inevitable that the party organization opposed to that which Tammany has so long controlled should gain the advantage of the coalition against Tammany. That is well understood. The State of New York, indeed, upon a full and honest vote, is undoubtedly Republican; but we all know that it is not exclusively as Republicans that we have won this great victory. It is in the light of that truth that the party should undertake municipal reform and the formation of a new charter. The policy as well as the glory of the party lies in framing a charter which, in the simplest and most intelligible way for every voter, will remedy the evils which sharp experience has revealed in the city government. And in this work the best Democrats in the Legislature will doubtless gladly co-operate. Mr. Tilden, for instance, is a gentleman who is entirely familiar with the subject, and who has been conspicuous in the revolution. His counsel should and will have great weight with all candid legislators of every party.

The situation and the history of the last few years of the city government impose upon the Legislature and upon all good citizens the duty of reflection upon the true principles of a sound municipal system. The election shows that the people of the city wish a good and honest government. It shows that with care and union and efficient organization the good citizens are the majority. They will approve, therefore, a system, however radical its differences from the old systems may be, which will give them, for instance, fair security that the necessary duties of the municipality will be efficiently performed, and which will enable them to see constantly the accounts of the receipts and expenditures of the treasury. The election relieves us all of the conviction that in such a city as this the popular system is a failure; and without fearing any radical change of detail that may be made, we may all feel deeper confidence in the principle. The press will doubtless contribute its share of wise suggestion toward the new charter; and it will demand what it will help the Legislature to give—a simple and efficient municipal government.

## THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN.

The invitation to Japan of General Capron, late chief of the Department of Agriculture in this country, and of General Williams, a distinguished expert in the internal revenue system, and the flattering manner in which General Capron has been received in Yeddo, are facts full of suggestive interest for Americans. There are already many Japanese in this country engaged in careful observation and study of the character and working of our system; and Mr. Mori, the Japanese chargé d'affaires, is a gentleman whose intelligence and earnest interest in the elevation and improvement of his country have made the best possible impression upon all who have met him. At several of our colleges the Japanese students are not the least distinguished for diligence and proficiency. At the Yale commencement Mr. Mori mentioned that Dr. Woolsey's work upon International Law was carefully studied in Japan; and under the auspices of the Mikado, himself a young man, it is evident that a new era has opened in Japan, in which we Americans have an especial stake, and which if we are wise we shall turn to our great advantage.

The first step for us will be the cultivation of the most friendly relations by the utmost care in the selection of those who will represent us in that country. We must not send jobbers and charlatans. The immediate commercial advantages of a close and friendly intercourse with Japan are so conspicuous and immense that they must not be sacrificed. All the modern useful inventions of this country would find an almost boundless market in that new world. And the feeling with which we are regarded will depend, therefore, in a very great degree upon the character of our official agents, or of those who are invited from among us to official positions. It is in this view that the selection of General Capron and of General Williams is most fortunate. They go to meet a friendly disposition, and they carry, in their character and ability, that which will satisfy it. Hitherto the English ascendency has been virtually supreme among the foreign interests; but the official presence of Mr. Mori in this country, and the warm sympathy with which he presses upon his government the cultivation of amity with the United States by the most efficient means, show that the hold of England is not indisputable.

The intelligent movement toward the friendship of this country has been greatly quickened by the result of the revolution in Japan, which has established the supremacy of the Mikado, and has abolished parts of the old Japanese feudalism. The accounts of this subject from the mission of General Capron are most interesting, confirming as they do the impressions derived from the Japanese legation here. There is a general tendency toward liberal reforms. This is good; but the question which they suggest is whether they are the demand of the people or are the desire only or chiefly of the ruling and upper classes. In every old and highly monarchical land there is always the suspicion that liberal reform may be only a fashion of thought among the aristocracy, as with Joseph the Second and certain noblemen at the close of the last century; or that it may not be rooted in the popular intelligence, as in the reforms in Spain under Florida Blanca and Aranda. Buckle, upon a review of their action, says what is certainly true, that "no reform can produce real good unless it is the result of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative."

Upon this point, however, there is a presumption in favor of Japan arising from its system of education. A letter from one of the suit of General Capron says: "A stupid Japanese is difficult to find, an uneducated one certainly is rare, at least here in the city. The meanest 'cooly' who carries your baggage or draws you in a jinriksha can both read and write." This correspondent speaks of the assiduity with which English is studied, reminding the reader of the zeal of the freedmen to learn. Indeed, Mr. Mori is of opinion that English may be made the familiar foreign language of his country. The tendency which these facts indicate is the natural result of steam and the telegraph. Countries are ceasing to be foreign in any remote and insuperable manner. Cowley's queer conceit that "on the lunar world" we might "securely pry" is becoming sober truth. The test of statesmanship will be a sagacious use of the great opportunities which are thus opened to us. A generous and truly friendly reception of the overtures of Japan, consequent upon the most ample and intelligent inquiry, is plainly what the situation both invites and facilitates.

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Harper's Weekly has never done better service for truth and justice than it is doing now. It has given the battle with Tammany a popular power which, without pictorial illustration, it never could have had. One of Nast's cartoons gathers up the force of many editorials: that of the present week, representing the destruction of the republic by Tammany corruption, is very effective. The intensity of its feeling is all through relieved by touches of humor. As an ancient city magistrate, Tweed sits in his official chair, presiding over the contest of the arena. Instead of the conventional eagle, at the top of the standard is a fireman's hat, marked "6"—a touch of fun at the beginning of Tweed's public life. The tiger, symbol of the Americus Club, is used in a manner to produce the effect of a telling retort. This is, however, only one of many engravings in the same number in which Nast carries home to the popular feeling the arguments of orators and editors.

We can have hope for the republic so long as the people are instructed by such a paper. And it gives us pleasure to record the fact that 120,000 copies of a recent number of the Weekly were ordered by three news companies. Through this immense circulation the contest with our corrupt city officers has attained the magnitude of a national question, and may be the means of municipal reform throughout the Union. For, after all, "Tammany" is but an aggravated case of a disease every where prevalent among us.

The country owes much to Harper's Weekly for its defense of our public schools against the schemes of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Here again Nast's tireless pencil has made the issue plain to the humblest understanding. The fertility of this artist is amazing. Without a sign of exhaustion, he produces, week after week, illustrations of current events in which humor, sarcasm, and intense indignation against wrong are fused together. Mr. Nast is always easily understood. Plain people who would never read long arguments find all their force condensed in one of his pictures.

Such a periodical as Harper's Weekly is a public benefaction. The Messrs. Harper are doing an educational work so important that we can only think of the absence of their periodicals as an irreparable national loss.—*From the Methodist.*

## PERSONAL.

General George B. Williams, formerly of Indiana, and Deputy-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has been appointed by the Japanese government, at a salary of $10,000 per annum, to assist in the organization and administration of an internal revenue system in that country. He departs on his mission in January.

—The Hon. Morton M'Michael is the first gentleman in America, at the head of a paper, who has had the satisfaction of being at the helm on the one hundredth anniversary of its existence, and the eighty-seventh of its continuous daily publication. The Philadelphia *North American* is one of the ablest and highest toned of our journals, and has had among its editors and contributors many of the brightest intellects of the country. Mr. M'Michael is not only able as a journalist and public speaker, but as a presider at important public meetings, political or social, is probably without an equal in the United States.

—It is not improbable that Mr. Seward may occupy himself for some months to come in preparing a sketch of his remarkable journey around the world, and that afterward, as leisure and health may permit, he may prepare for publication a sketch of the public men with whom he has associated, and the public measures with which he has had to do, since he entered public life forty-three years ago.

—Mr. A. B. Wood has accepted the position tendered to him by the Japanese government, to take charge of the diplomatic and consular affairs of that empire.

—The library of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, is indebted to M. De Lesseps, the engineer of the Suez Canal, for a complete set of the reports and documents relating to that great enterprise. The gift consists of twenty-three volumes, with maps and plans.

—Mr. Secretary Boutwell's statement that the public debt of the nations is about $22,000,000,000 is criticised by the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, who, after careful ciphering, makes the amount at this time about $17,400,000,000. Add to this the debt of the United States, and the productive industry of Christendom will be found to be mortgaged to capitalists for about $19,000,000,000. Public debts are unknown in Asia, and there are none in Africa, except in Egypt.

—The Rev. Dr. Sprague, formerly of Albany, but now living in retirement at Flushing, possesses the largest and most valuable collection of autographs of any person in the United States, and it is probably unsurpassed by any collection in Europe. They are arranged, classified, and numbered. Those of the Revolutionary period are perfect—Washington, his staff, his generals, his cabinet, with every eminent American of that age. He has the entire originals of the Arnold treason, with the identical letter of "John Anderson." These autographs, valued at not less than $100,000, are chronologically arranged and indexed, so that any one can be turned to in a moment. Dr. Sprague has traveled every where, heard nearly every one speak or preach who has made any mark in this century, and is full of incidents of Robert Hall, Rowland Hill, Wilberforce, and their associates.

—Charles Sprague, poet and banker, of Boston, celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 26th October last. He became cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston, forty-six years ago, and has continued in that position ever since. The best known of his poems is an ode on Shakspeare, delivered at the Boston Theatre in 1823, and pronounced by Prescott, the historian, and Rufus W Griswold, to be the best of its kind written since the days of Pope. Besides this, he took five prizes for odes delivered at the opening of different theatres, all equally good. He is equally respected by poets and business men, especially by the latter, for, since he became its cashier, the Globe Bank has never failed to make a dividend.

—The name of Daniel Drew is pretty sure to be connected one way or another with any great operation in Wall Street. In the recent grand scrimmage between the "bulls" and "bears" Mr. Drew is said to have had an immense "short" interest, and that since the Chicago fire his profits have been a clear half million of dollars.

—Bishop Tuttle, of the missionary diocese comprising Utah, Montana, and Idaho, is of the opinion that to extirpate Mormonism will be a very tough job. He thinks that the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad will be the greatest help in the work, as the increased influx of miners and people from the East will crowd out the followers of Young, and eventually deprive them of influence and power. The Episcopalians have now a fine church at Salt Lake City, which cost about $50,000, and from its tower may be heard the only bell that calls the citizens to worship on Sunday.

—Count Moltke has received as a present from Kaiser William two of the captured French guns, to be placed in front of his country-seat in Silesia.

—Mr. Daniel Dougherty, one of the most brilliant men of the Philadelphia bar, last week delivered a lecture in the "Bay State Course" in Music Hall, Boston, and for two hours delighted one of the most critical audiences of that city. His subject was "Orators and Oratory," and the journals are quite warm in commendation of his effort. As an advocate Mr. Dougherty has no superior at the bar of Pennsylvania.

—Lord Dufferin is to be made an earl. He is equally noted in yachts and literature, is always going somewhere and writing something, and has, moreover, rendered such service to his party that the government requite it with a coronet.

—Reading, Pennsylvania, goes down to posterity with two items of distinction: Senator Carl Schurz once taught school there, and Bayard Taylor was clerk in a grocery store. Two more completely self-made men could hardly be found in the country.

—The Sprague brothers—Senator William and Colonel Amasa—are probably the largest cotton-mill owners in the world. It was the ambition of their great-grandfather, who built the first cotton-mill in Providence, to run 100 looms, and at his death 60 were in operation. The present firm runs 6000 looms, manufacture 5000 pieces of cloth per day, and print 2500. The largest individual mill in the United States belongs to them, and is located at Baltic, is 964 feet long, five stories high, contains 2000 looms, and runs 76,000 spindles. They own two mills at Quidneck, Rhode Island, of 36,000 spindles; at Arctic, one mill of 25,000 spindles; at Natick, four mills of 43,000 spindles; at Central Falls, four mills of 33,000 spindles, constituting the United States Flax Mill; and at Maine, two mills of 35,000 spindles. These different mills are surrounded by villages formed of houses occupied by the operatives, churches for their attendance, and a large store to supply their necessities, all erected at the same time as the mills. In Baltic the firm own every lot of land bordering both banks of the Shetucket River for ten miles, extending through Windham, Sprague, and South Windham to Willimantic.

—General Robert Toombs, who has probably the most extensive practice of any member of the bar of Georgia, was recently in attendance at court in Atlanta. He has great personal popularity, and the moment he leaves his room at the hotel is surrounded by a crowd, all eager to be in his presence and listen to his conversation. His speeches at the bar are said to be fine specimens of forensic eloquence. Yet he is not a close student, spends little time among law books, and gives the preparation of his cases to others. It is in the court-house that his talent is conspicuous, and there he literally overrides all opposition, and carries his point by adroit management and vehement eloquence.

—Mr. Delane, the present editor of the London *Times*, does not write much, but he dines ably, being hand in glove with the Prince of Wales, Lord Granville, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, and with most of the political and aristocratic notabilities.

—The elevation of M. Thiers to the Presidency animates the *littérateurs* and interviewers of France in hunting up anecdotes and incidents of a personal character. A writer in the *Gaulois* has this pleasant paragraph: "About 1827 M. Coste, chief editor of the *Temps*, and M. Louis Bellot passed, every night, on leaving their office about two o'clock in the morning, before a house in the fifth story of which a light was always burning. Their curiosity was greatly excited, and they often stopped to speculate upon the character of the occupant of that lofty room. One night they could no longer resist the temptation to ask who was the owner of that constant light, and M. Coste rung the bell. The *concierge* opened the door, and answered the question as to who occupied the fifth story: 'It is a poor young man from the Midi,' he replied—'very poor, laborious, and an obstinate digger into his books, although only destined to be a journalist.' On learning that he had to do with one of the profession, M. Coste insisted upon mounting the stairs. They found the young man at his work; they conversed with him; and, at last, M. Coste engaged him to make his *début* in his journal. The young man's name was Adolphe Thiers."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On Tuesday, November 7, elections occurred in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, and Virginia. The Republicans carried New York, gaining two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature by about 15,000 majority, defeating, with the aid of the Reform Democrats, every Tammany candidate for Senator except Tweed. In Massachusetts Washburn was elected Governor by a large majority over the Democratic candidate, and Illinois and Wisconsin also went strongly Republican. In New Jersey the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor, but the Legislature is Republican. Maryland and Virginia went Democratic by reduced majorities.

Out of about $3,500,000 subscribed to the Chicago Relief Fund, $2,050,000 have been received by the Executive Committee. The cost of temporary buildings, with the necessary furniture, for the protection of the burned-out poor, will be about $1,200,000, leaving $2,250,000 to meet the demands for food, clothing, fuel, and general expenses.

United States Commissioner Spencer has discharged the Fenian Generals O'Niel and Curley, on the ground that, although the offense was clearly established, no proof was adduced that the expedition was organized in Minnesota.

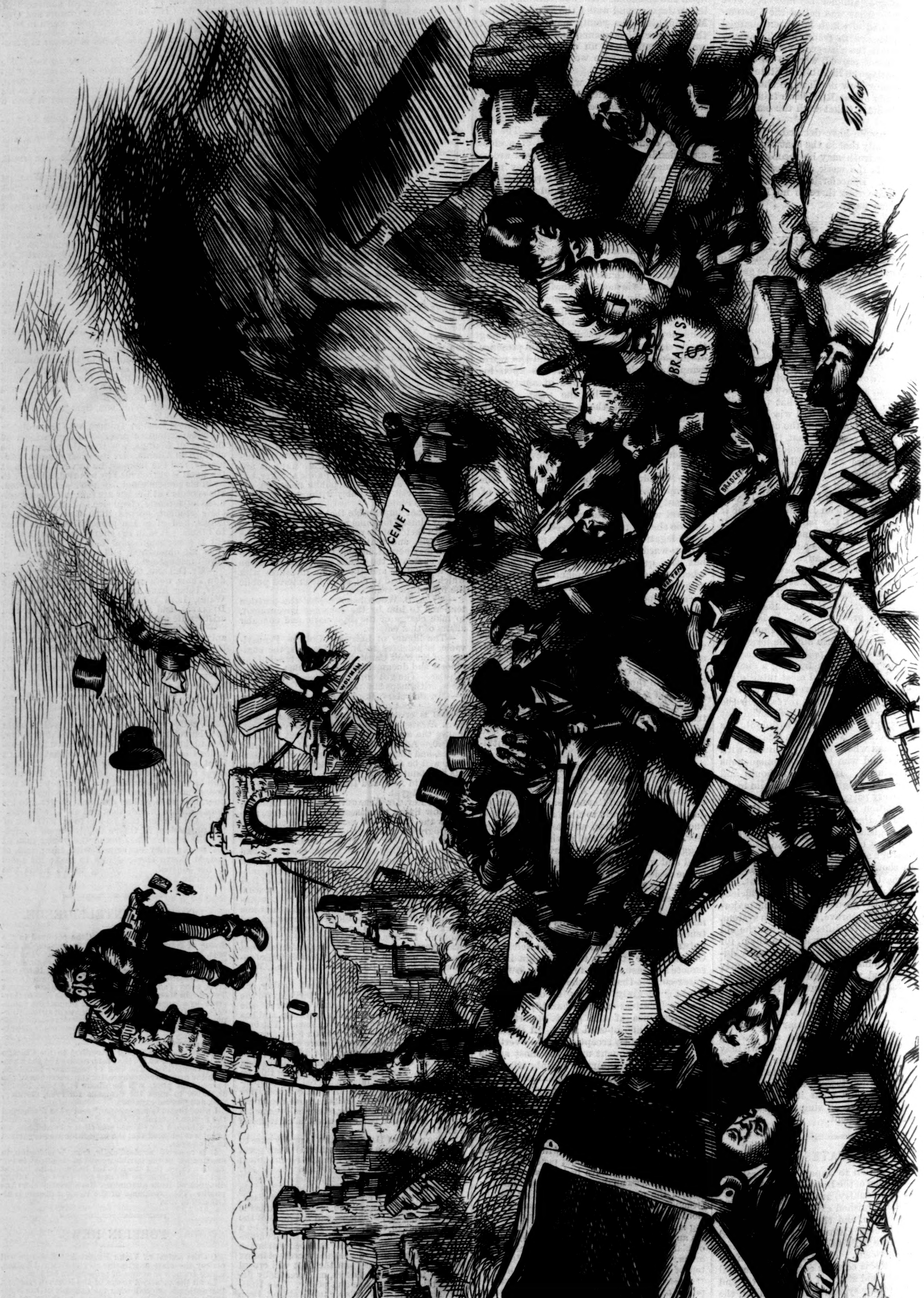
It is reported, semi-officially, from Washington, in explanation of the terrible spread of small-pox in our Eastern cities, that the infected buffalo-skins bought and captured from the Indians two years ago, having disappeared from quarantine, have been sold to the public. The prevalence of the virulent disease is attributed to this.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

On the arrival of Victor Emanuel at Rome he will occupy the state apartments in the Quirinal Palace, which are now in course of preparation for him.

In all the principal towns of the North of England the workmen are following the example of the Newcastle engineers, by demanding a reduction of the time of labor to nine hours per day. The iron-workers of Middlesborough, the shipwrights of Stockton, the dyers of Leeds, and many other large bodies of workmen have already insisted upon the reduction. The whole of the employés of Messrs. Laird, the great ship-builders of Birkenhead, have resolved to insist upon the reduction of the hours of labor to nine.

It is reported that M. Thiers has assigned the Castle of Pau, in France, to the Pope, who will probably take refuge there when Victor Emanuel settles for good in Rome.


TAMMANY
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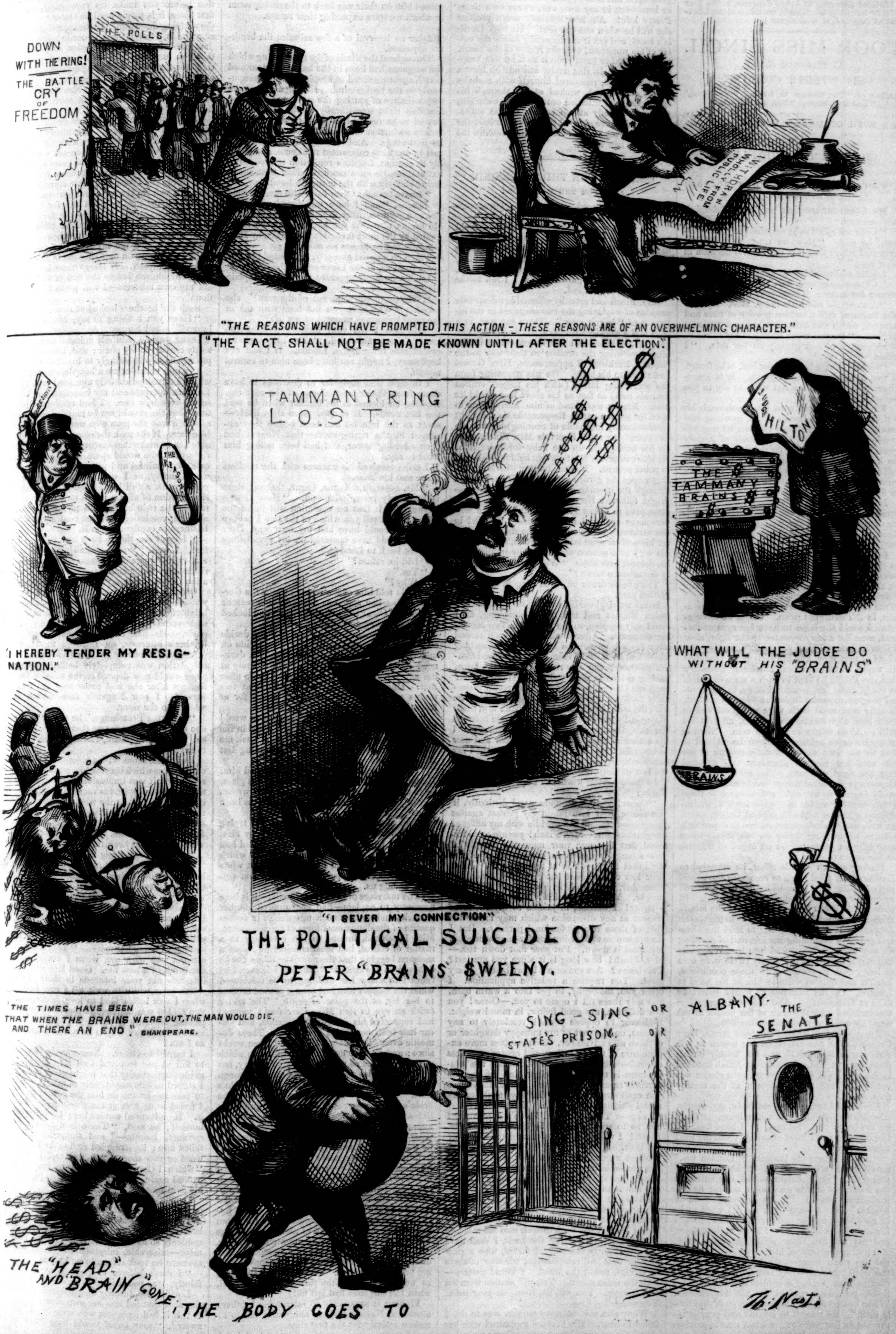
SOMETHING THAT DID BLOW OVER—NOVEMBER 7, 1871.



THE POLITICAL SUICIDE OF PETER "BRAINS" $WEENY.

DOWN WITH THE RING! THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM
THE POLLS
I WITHDRAW FROM PUBLIC LIFE WHOLLY
"THE REASONS WHICH HAVE PROMPTED THIS ACTION – THESE REASONS ARE OF AN OVERWHELMING CHARACTER."
"THE FACT SHALL NOT BE MADE KNOWN UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION."
THE REASON
"I HEREBY TENDER MY RESIGNATION."
TAMMANY RING LOST
"I SEVER MY CONNECTION"
JUDGE HILTON
THE TAMMANY BRAINS
WHAT WILL THE JUDGE DO WITHOUT HIS "BRAINS"
BRAINS
$
"THE TIMES HAVE BEEN THAT WHEN THE BRAINS WERE OUT, THE MAN WOULD DIE, AND THERE AN END." SHAKSPEARE.
SING - SING OR ALBANY.
STATE'S PRISON OR
THE SENATE
THE "HEAD" AND "BRAIN" GONE, THE BODY GOES TO
Th. Nast.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

# POOR MISS FINCH.

### A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

(*Continued.*)

### "WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

Mr. Sebright answered her, in Mr. Sebright's discreet way.

"I can not affect to be surprised at your decision," he said. "However sincerely I may regret it, I admit that it is the natural decision in your case."

Lucilla addressed herself next to Herr Grosse.

"Choose your own day," she said. "The sooner the better. To-morrow, if you can."

"Answer me one little thing, miss," rejoined the German, with a sudden gravity of tone and manner, which was quite new in our experience of him. "Do you mean what you say?"

She answered him gravely on her side. "I mean what I say."

"Goot. There is times, my lofe, to be funny. There is also times to be grave. It is grave-times now. I have my last word to say to you before I go."

With his wild black eyes staring through his owlish spectacles at Lucilla's face, speaking earnestly in his strange broken English, he now impressed on his patient the necessity of gravely considering and preparing for the operation which he had undertaken to perform. I was greatly relieved by the tone he took with her. He spoke with authority: she would be obliged to listen to *him*.

In the first place he warned Lucilla, if the operation failed, that there would be no possibility of returning to it and trying it again. Once done, be the results what they might, it was done for good.

In the second place, before he would consent to operate, he must insist on certain conditions, essential to success, being rigidly complied with on the part of the patient and her friends. Mr. Sebright had by no means exaggerated the length of the time of trial which would follow the operation, in the darkened room. Under no circumstances could she hope to have her eyes uncovered, even for a few moments, to the light, after a shorter interval than six weeks. During the whole of that time, and probably during another six weeks to follow, it was absolutely necessary that she should be kept in such a state of health as would assist her, constitutionally, in her gradual progress toward complete restoration of sight. If body and mind both were not preserved in their best and steadiest condition, all that his skill could do might be done in vain. Nothing to excite or to agitate her must be allowed to find its way into the quiet daily routine of her life until her medical attendant was satisfied that her sight was safe. The success of Herr Grosse's professional career had been due, in no small degree, to his rigid enforcement of these rules, founded on his own experience of the influence which a patient's general health, moral as well as physical, exercised on that patient's chance of profiting under an operation—more especially an operation on an organ so delicate as the organ of sight.

Having spoken to this effect, he appealed to Lucilla's own good sense to recognize the necessity of taking time to consider her decision, and to consult on it with relatives and friends. In plain words, for at least three months the family arrangements must be so shaped as to enable the surgeon in attendance on her to hold the absolute power of regulating her life, and of deciding on any changes introduced into it. When she and the members of her family circle were sure of being able to comply with these conditions, Lucilla had only to write to him at his hotel in London. On the next day he would undertake to be at Dimchurch. And then and there (if he was satisfied with the state of her health at the time) he would perform the operation.

After pledging himself in those terms, Herr Grosse puffed out his remaining breath in one deep guttural "Hah!" and got briskly on his short legs. At the same moment Zillah knocked at the door, and announced that the chaise was waiting for the two gentlemen at the rectory gate.

Mr. Sebright rose—in some doubt, apparently, whether his colleague had done talking. "Don't let me hurry you," he said. "I have business in London; and I must positively catch the next train."

"Soh! I have my business in London too," answered his brother oculist—"the business of pleasure." (Mr. Sebright looked scandalized at the frankness of this confession, coming from a professional man.) "I am so passion-fond of musics," Herr Grosse went on, "I want to be in goot times for the opera. Ach Gott! musics is expensive in England! I climb to the gallery, and pay my five silver shillingses even there. For five copper pences, in my own country, I can get the same thing—only better done. From the deep bottoms of my heart," proceeded this curious man, taking a cordial leave of me, "I thank you, dear madam, for the Mayonnaise. When I come again, I pray you more of that lofely dish." He turned to Lucilla and popped his thumbs on her eyelids for the last time at parting. "My sweet-Feench, remember what your surgeon-optic has said to you. I shall let the light in here—but in my own way, at my own time. Pretty lofe! Ah, how infinitely much prettier she will be when she can see!" He took Lucilla's hand, and put it sentimentally inside the collar of his waistcoat, over the region of the heart, laying his other hand upon it as if he was keeping it warm. In this tender attitude he blew a prodigious sigh, recovered himself with a shake of his shock-head, winked at me through his spectacles, and waddled out after Mr. Sebright, who was already at the bottom of the stairs. Who would have guessed that this man held the key which was to open for my blind Lucilla the gates of a new life!

## CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

### ALAS FOR THE MARRIAGE!

We were left together: Nugent having accompanied the two oculists to the garden gate.

Now that we were alone, Oscar's absence could hardly fail to attract Lucilla's attention. Just as she was referring to him, in terms which made it no easy task for me to quiet her successfully, we were interrupted by the screams of the baby, ascending from the garden below. I ran to the window and looked out.

Mrs. Finch had actually effected her desperate purpose of waylaying the two surgeons in the interests of "baby's eyes." There she was, in a skirt and a shawl—with her novel dropped in one part of the lawn, and her handkerchief in the other—pursuing the oculists on their way to the chaise. Reckless of appearances, Herr Grosse had taken to his heels. He was retreating from the screeching infant (with his fingers stuffed into his ears) as fast as his short legs would let him. Nugent was ahead of him, hurrying on to open the garden gate. Respectable Mr. Sebright (professionally incapable of running) brought up the rear. At short intervals Mrs. Finch, close on his heels, held up the baby for inspection. At short intervals Mr. Sebright held up his hands in polite protest. Nugent, roaring with laughter, threw open the garden gate. Herr Grosse rushed through the opening and disappeared. Mr. Sebright followed Herr Grosse; and Mrs. Finch attempted to follow Mr. Sebright—when a new personage appeared on the scene. Startled in the sanctuary of his study by the noise, the rector himself strutted into the garden, and brought his wife to a sudden stand-still, by inquiring in his deepest bass notes, "What does this unseemly disturbance mean?"

The chaise drove off; and Nugent closed the garden gate.

Some words, inaudible to my ears, passed between Nugent and the rector—referring, as I could only suppose, to the visit of the two departing surgeons. After a while Mr. Finch turned away (to all appearance offended by something which had been said to him), and addressed himself to Oscar, who now reappeared on the lawn, having evidently only waited to show himself until the chaise drove away. The rector fraternally took his arm; and, beckoning to his wife with the other hand, took Mrs. Finch's arm next. Majestically marching back to the house between the two, Reverend Finch asserted himself and his authority alternately, now to Oscar and now to his wife. His big booming voice reached my ears distinctly, accompanied in sharp discord by the last wailings of the exhausted child.

In these terrible words the Pope of Dimchurch began:

"Oscar! you are to understand distinctly, if you please, that I maintain my protest against this impious attempt to meddle with my afflicted daughter's sight.—Mrs. Finch! *you* are to understand that I excuse your unseemly pursuit of two strange surgeons in consideration of the state that I find you in at this moment. After your last confinement but eight you became, I remember, hysterically irresponsible. Hold your tongue. You are hysterically irresponsible now.—Oscar! I decline, in justice to myself, to be present at any discussion which may follow the visit of these two professional persons. But I am not averse to advising you for your own good. My Foot is down. Put *your* foot down too.—Mrs. Finch! how long is it since you ate last? Two hours? Are you sure it is two hours? Very good. You require a sedative application. I order you, medically, to get into a warm bath, and stay there till I come to you.—Oscar! you are deficient, my good fellow, in moral weight. Endeavor to oppose yourself resolutely to any scheme, on the part of my unhappy daughter or of those who advise her, which involves more expenditure of money in fees, and new appearances of professional persons.—Mrs. Finch! the temperature is to be ninety-eight, and the position partially recumbent.—Oscar! I authorize you (if you can't stop it in any other way) to throw My moral weight into the scale. You are free to say 'I oppose This, with Mr. Finch's approval: I am, so to speak, backed by Mr. Finch.'—Mrs. Finch! I wish you to understand the object of the bath. Hold your tongue. The object is to produce a gentle action on your skin. One of the women is to keep her eye on your forehead. The instant she perceives an appearance of moisture she is to run for me.—Oscar! you will let me know at what decision they arrive up stairs in my daughter's room. Not after they have merely heard what *you* have to say, but after My Moral Weight has been thrown into the scale.—Mrs. Finch! on leaving the bath, I shall have you only lightly clothed. I forbid, with a view to your head, all compression, whether of stays or strings, round the waist. I forbid garters—with the same object. You will abstain from tea and talking. You will lie, loose, on your back. You will—"

What else this unhappy woman was to do, I failed to hear. Mr. Finch disappeared with her round the corner of the house. Oscar waited at the door of our side of the rectory until Nugent joined him on their way back to the sitting-room in which we were expecting their return.

After an interval of a few minutes the brothers appeared.

Throughout the whole of the time during which the surgeons had been in the house I had noticed that Nugent persisted in keeping himself scrupulously in the background. Having assumed the responsibility of putting the serious question of Lucilla's sight scientifically to the test, he appeared to be resolved to pause there, and to interfere no further in the affair after it had passed its first stage. And now again, when we were met in our little committee to discuss, and possibly to combat, Lucilla's resolution to proceed to extremities, he once more refrained from interfering actively with the matter in hand.

"I have brought Oscar back with me," he said to Lucilla, "and I have told him how widely the two oculists differ in opinion on your case. He knows also that you have decided on being guided by the more favorable view taken by Herr Grosse—and he knows no more."

There he stopped abruptly, and seated himself apart from us, at the lower end of the room.

Lucilla instantly appealed to Oscar to explain his conduct.

"Why have you kept out of the way?" she asked. "Why have you not been with me at the most important moment of my life?"

"Because I felt your anxious position too keenly," Oscar answered. "Don't think me inconsiderate toward you, Lucilla. If I had not kept away, I might not have been able to control myself."

I thought that reply far to dextrous to have come from Oscar on the spur of the moment. Besides, he looked at his brother when he said the last words. It seemed more than likely—short as the interval had been before they appeared in the sitting-room—that Nugent had been advising Oscar, and had been telling him what to say.

Lucilla received his excuses with the readiest grace and kindness.

"Mr. Sebright tells me, Oscar, that my sight is hopelessly gone," she said. "Herr Grosse answers for it that an operation will make me see. Need I tell you which of the two I believe in? If I could have had my own way, Herr Grosse should have operated on my eyes before he went back to London."

"Did he refuse?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Lucilla told him of the reasons which the German oculist had stated as unanswerable reasons for delay. Oscar listened attentively, and looked at his brother again before he replied.

"As I understand it," he said, "if you decide on risking the operation at once, you decide on undergoing six weeks' imprisonment in a darkened room, and on placing yourself entirely at the surgeon's disposal for six weeks more after that. Have you considered, Lucilla, that this means putting off our marriage *again* for at least three months?"

"If you were in my place, Oscar, you would let nothing, not even your marriage, stand in the way of your restoration to sight. Don't ask me to consider, love. I can consider nothing but the prospect of seeing You!"

That fearlessly frank confession silenced him. He happened to be sitting opposite to the glass, so that he could see his face. The poor wretch abruptly moved his chair, so as to turn his back on it.

I looked at Nugent, and surprised him trying to catch his brother's eye. Prompted by him, as I could now no longer doubt, Oscar had laid his finger on a certain domestic difficulty which I had had in my mind from the moment when the question of the operation had been first agitated among us.

(The marriage of Oscar and Lucilla—it is here necessary to explain—had encountered another obstacle, and undergone a new delay, in consequence of the dangerous illness of Lucilla's aunt. Miss Batchford, invited to the ceremony as a matter of course, had most considerately sent a message begging that the marriage might not be deferred on her account. Lucilla, however, had refused to allow her wedding to be celebrated while the woman who had been a second mother to her lay at the point of death. The rector (with an eye to rich Miss Batchford's money) had supported his daughter's decision, and Oscar had been compelled to submit. These domestic events had taken place about three weeks since; and we were now in receipt of news which not only assured us of the old lady's recovery, but informed us also that she would be well enough to make one of the wedding-party in a fortnight's time. The bride's dress was in the house; the bride's father was ready to officiate—and here, like a fatality, was the question of the operation unexpectedly starting up, and threatening another delay yet for a period which could not possibly be shorter than a period of three months! Add to this, if you please, a new element of embarrassment as follows. Supposing Lucilla to persist in her resolution, and Oscar to persist in concealing from her the personal change in him produced by the medical treatment of the fits, what would happen? Nothing less than this: Lucilla, if the operation succeeded, would find out for herself—before instead of after her marriage—the deception that had been practiced on her. And how she might resent that deception, thus discovered, the cleverest person among us could not pretend to foresee. There was our situation, as we sat in domestic parliament assembled, when the surgeons had left us!)

Finding it impossible to attract his brother's attention, Nugent had no alternative but to interfere actively for the first time.

"Let me suggest, Lucilla," he said, "that it is your duty to look at the other side of the question before you make up your mind. In the first place, it is surely hard on Oscar to postpone the wedding-day again. In the second place, clever as he is, Herr Grosse is not infallible. It is just possible that the operation may fail, and that you may find you have put off your marriage for three months to no purpose. Do think of it! If you defer the operation on your eyes till after your marriage, you conciliate all interests, and you only delay by a month or so the time when you may see."

Lucilla impatiently shook her head.

"If you were blind," she answered, "you would not willingly delay by a single hour the time when you might see. You ask me to think of it. I ask *you* to think of the years I have lost. I ask *you* to think of the exquisite happiness I shall feel when Oscar and I are standing at the altar, if I can *see* the husband to whom I am giving myself for life! Put it off for a month? You might as well ask me to die for a month. It is like death to be sitting here blind, and to know that a man is within a few hours' reach of me who can give me my sight! I tell you all plainly, if you go on opposing me in this, I don't answer for myself. If Herr Grosse is not recalled to Dimchurch before the end of the week—I am my own mistress—I will go to him in London!"

Both the brothers looked at me.

"Have you nothing to say, Madame Pratolungo?" asked Nugent.

Oscar was too painfully agitated to speak. He softly crossed to my chair; and, kneeling by me, put my hand entreatingly to his lips.

You may consider me a heartless woman if you will. I remained entirely unmoved even by this. Lucilla's interests and my interests, you will observe, were now one. I had resolved, from the first, that she should not be married in ignorance of which was the man who was disfigured by the blue face. If she took the course which would enable her to make that discovery for herself, at the right time, she would spare me the performance of a very painful and ungracious duty, and she would marry, as I was determined she should marry, with a full knowledge of the truth. In this position of affairs it was no business of mine to join the twin brothers in trying to make her alter her resolution. On the contrary, it was my business to confirm her in it.

"I can't see that I have any right to interfere," I said. "In Lucilla's place—after one-and-twenty years of blindness—I too should sacrifice every other consideration to the consideration of recovering my sight."

Oscar instantly rose, offended with me, and walked away to the window. Lucilla's face brightened gratefully. "Ah!" she said, "*you* understand me!" Nugent, in his turn, left his chair. He had confidently calculated, in his brother's interests, on Lucilla's marriage preceding the recovery of Lucilla's sight. That calculation was completely baffled. The marriage would now depend on the state of Lucilla's feelings after she had penetrated the truth for herself. I saw Nugent's face darken as he walked to the door.

"Madame Pratolungo," he said, "you may, one day, regret the course that you have just taken. Do as you please, Lucilla—I have no more to say."

He left the room, with a quiet submission to circumstances which became him admirably. Now, as always, it was impossible not to compare him advantageously with his vacillating brother. Oscar turned round at the window, apparently with the idea of following Nugent out. At the first step he checked himself. There was a last effort still left to make. Reverend Finch's "moral weight" had not been thrown into the scale yet.

"There is one thing more, Lucilla," he said, "which you ought to know before you decide. I have seen your father. He desires me to tell you that he is strongly opposed to the experiment which you are determined to try."

Lucilla sighed wearily. "It is not the first time that I find my father failing to sympathize with me," she said. "I am distressed—but not surprised. It is *you* who surprise me!" she added, suddenly raising her voice. "You, who love me, are not one with me, when I am standing on the brink of a new life. Good Heavens! are my interests not your interests in this? Is it not worth your while to wait till I can *look at you* when I vow before God to love, honor, and obey you? Do you understand him?" she asked, appealing abruptly to me. "Why does he try to start difficulties? why is he not as eager about it as I am?"

I turned to Oscar. Now was the time for him to fall at her feet and own it! Here was the golden opportunity that might never come again. I signed to him impatiently to take it. He tried to take it—let me do him the justice now which I failed to do him at the time—he tried to take it. He advanced toward her; he struggled with himself; he said, "There is a motive for my conduct, Lucilla—" and stopped. His breath failed him; he struggled again; he forced out a word or two more: "A motive," he went on, "which I have been afraid to confess—" he paused again, with the perspiration pouring over his livid face.

Lucilla's patience failed her. "What is your motive?" she asked, sharply.

The tone in which she spoke broke down his last reserves of resolution. He turned his head suddenly so as not to see her. At the final moment—miserable, miserable man!—at the final moment he took refuge in an excuse.

"I don't believe in Herr Grosse," he said, faintly, "as you believe in him."

Lucilla rose, bitterly disappointed, and opened the door that led into her own room.

"If it had been you who were blind," she answered, "*your* belief would have been *my* belief, and *your* hope *my* hope. It seems I have expected too much from you. Live and learn! live and learn!"

She went into her room and closed the door on us. I could bear it no longer. I got up, with the firm resolution in me to follow her and say the words he had failed to say for himself. My hand was on the door, when I was suddenly pulled back from it by Oscar. I turned and faced him in silence.

"No!" he said, with his eyes fixed on mine, and his hand still on my arm. "If I don't tell her, nobody shall tell her for me."

"She shall be deceived no longer—she must and shall hear it," I answered. "Let me go!"

"You have given me your promise to wait for my leave before you open your lips. I forbid you to open your lips."

I snapped the fingers of my hand that was free in his face. "*That* for my promise!" I said. "Your contemptible weakness is putting her happiness in peril as well as yours." I turned my head toward the door, and called to her. "Lucilla!"

His hand closed fast on my arm. Some lurking devil in him that I had never seen yet leaped up and looked at me out of his eyes.

"Tell her," he whispered, savagely, between his teeth, "and I will contradict you to your face! If you are desperate, I am desperate too. I don't care what meanness I am guilty of! I will deny it on my honor; I will deny it on my oath. You heard what she said about you at Browndown. She will believe *me* before *you*."

Lucilla opened her door, and stood waiting on the threshold.

"What is it?" she asked, quietly.

A moment's glance at Oscar warned me that he would do what he had threatened if I persisted in my resolution. The desperation of a weak man is, of all desperations, the most unscrupulous and the most unmanageable—when it is once roused. Angry as I was, I shrank from degrading him, as I must now have degraded him if I matched my obstinacy against his. In mercy to both of them, I gave way.

"I may be going out, my dear, before it gets dark," I said to Lucilla. "Can I do any thing for you in the village?"

"Yes," she said; "if you will wait a little, you can take a letter for me to the post."

She went back into her room, and closed the door.

I neither looked at Oscar nor spoke to him when we were alone again. He was the first who broke the silence.

"You have remembered your promise to me," he said. "You have done well."

"I have nothing more to say to you," I answered. "I shall go to my own room."

His eyes followed me uneasily as I walked to the door.

"I shall speak to her," he muttered, doggedly, "at my own time."

A wise woman would not have allowed him to irritate her into saying another word. Alas! I am not a wise woman—that is to say, not always.

"Your own time?" I repeated, with the whole force of my contempt. "If you don't own the truth to her before the German surgeon comes back, your time will have gone by forever. He has told us, in the plainest terms, when once the operation is performed nothing must be said to agitate or distress her for months afterward. The preservation of her tranquillity is the condition of the recovery of her sight. You will soon have an excuse for your silence, Mr. Oscar Dubourg!"

The tone in which I said those last words stung him to some purpose.

"Spare your sneers, you heartless Frenchwoman!" he broke out, angrily. "I don't care how I stand in *your* estimation. Lucilla loves me. Nugent feels for me."

My vile temper instantly hit on the most merciless answer that I could make to him in return.

"Ah, poor Lucilla!" I said. "What a much happier prospect hers might have been! What a thousand, thousand pities it is that she is not going to marry your brother instead of marrying *you!*"

He winced under that reply as if I had cut him with a knife. His head dropped on his breast. He started back from me like a beaten dog, and suddenly and silently left the room.

I had not been a minute by myself before my anger cooled. I tried to keep it hot; I tried to remember that he had aspersed my nation in calling me a "heartless Frenchwoman." No! it was not to be done. In spite of myself I repented what I had said to him.

In a moment more I was out on the stairs to try if I could overtake him.

I was too late. I heard the garden gate bang before I was out of the house. Twice I approached the gate to follow him. And twice I drew back in the fear of making bad worse. It ended in my returning to the sitting-room, very seriously dissatisfied with myself.

The first welcome interruption to my solitude came, not from Lucilla, but from the old nurse. Zillah appeared with a letter for me: left that moment at the rectory by the servant from Browndown. The direction was in Oscar's handwriting. I opened the envelope, and read these words:

"MADAME PRATOLUNGO,—You have distressed and pained me more than I can say. There are faults, and serious ones, on my side, I know. I heartily beg your pardon for any thing that I may have said or done to offend you. I can not submit to your hard verdict on me. If you knew how I adore Lucilla, you would make allowances for me—you would understand me better than you do. I can not get your last cruel words out of my ears. I can not meet you again without some explanation of them. You stabbed me to the heart when you said this evening that it would be a happier prospect for Lucilla if she had been going to marry my brother instead of marrying me. I hope you did not really mean that? Will you please write and tell me whether you did or not? OSCAR."

Write and tell him! It was absurd enough—when we were within a few minutes' walk of each other—that Oscar should prefer the cold formality of a letter to the friendly ease of a personal interview. Why could he not have called and spoken to me? We should have made it up together far more comfortably in that way—and in half the time. At any rate, I determined to go to Browndown, and be good friends again, vivâ voce, with this poor, weak, well-meaning, ill-judging boy. Was it not monstrous to have attached serious meaning to what Oscar had said when he was in a panic of nervous terror! His tone of writing so keenly distressed me that I resented his letter on that very account. It was one of the chilly evenings of an English June. A small fire was burning in the grate. I crumpled up the letter, and threw it, as I supposed, into the fire. (After-events showed that I only threw it into a corner of the fender instead.) Then I put on my hat, without stopping to think of Lucilla, or of what she was writing for the post, and ran off to Browndown.

Where do you think I found him? Locked up in his own room! His insane shyness—it was really nothing less—made him shrink from that very personal explanation which (with such a temperament as mine) was the only possible explanation under the circumstances. I had to threaten him with forcing his door before I could get him to show himself and take my hand.

Once face to face with him, I soon set things right. I really believe he had been half mad with his own self-imposed troubles when he had threatened giving me the lie at the door of Lucilla's room.

It is needless to dwell on what took place between us. I shall only say here that I had serious reason, at a later time—as you will soon see—to regret not having humored Oscar's request that I should reconcile myself to him by writing, instead of by word of mouth. If I had only placed on record, in pen and ink, what I actually said in the way of making atonement to him, I might have spared some suffering to myself and to others. As it was, the only proof that I had absolved myself in his estimation consisted in his cordially shaking hands with me at the door when I left him.

"Did you meet Nugent?" he asked, as he walked with me across the inclosure in front of the house.

I had gone to Browndown by a short-cut at the back of the garden, instead of going through the village. Having mentioned this, I asked if Nugent had returned to the rectory.

"He went back to see you," said Oscar.

"Why?"

"Only his usual kindness. He takes your views of things. He laughed when he heard I had sent a letter to you, and he ran off (dear fellow!) to see you on my behalf. You must have met him if you had come here by the village."

On getting back to the rectory I questioned Zillah. Nugent, in my absence, had run up into the sitting-room; had waited there a few minutes alone, on the chance of my return; had got tired of waiting, and had gone away again. I inquired about Lucilla next. A few minutes after Nugent had gone she had left her room, and she too had asked for me. Hearing that I was not to be found in the house, she had given Zillah a letter to post, and had then returned to her bed-chamber.

I happened to be standing by the hearth looking into the dying fire while the nurse was speaking. Not a vestige of Oscar's letter to me (as I now well remember) was to be seen. In my position, the plain conclusion was that I had really done what I supposed myself to have done—that is to say, thrown the letter into the flames.

Entering Lucilla's room, soon afterward, to make my apologies for having forgotten to wait and take her letter to the post, I found her, weary enough after the events of the day, getting ready for bed.

"I don't wonder at your being tired of waiting for me," she said. "Writing is long, long work for *me*. But this was a letter which I felt bound to write myself if I could. Can you guess who I am corresponding with? It is done, my dear! I have written to Herr Grosse!"

"Already!"

"What is there to wait for? What is there left to determine on? I have told Herr Grosse that our family consultation is over, and that I am entirely at his disposal for any length of time he may think right. And I warn him, if he attempts to put it off, that he will be only forcing on me the inconvenience of going to him in London. I have expressed that part of my letter strongly, I can tell you! He will get it to-morrow by the afternoon post. And the next day—if he is a man of his word—he will be here."

"Oh, Lucilla! not to operate on your eyes?"

"Yes—to operate on my eyes!"

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE establishment now known as the Government Printing-office, at Washington, was organized in 1860. Previous to that time Congressional reports, and other public documents, were printed sometimes by contract and sometimes by printers chosen by ballot in both Senate and House of Representatives. Of course the work was often done in a very unsatisfactory manner. Before the commencement of the present century, the government printing and binding was a matter of comparatively little importance. Probably the sum annually expended for printing, about the year 1792, did not exceed one thousand dollars. During the year 1870 about seventy-five thousand reams of paper were required for public printing, which cost an aggregate of nearly half a million of dollars; and the yearly disbursements for the purchase of material and compensation of service amounts to more than a million and a half. Nevertheless, under the necessities of our thriving country, this department makes, by its economies, a large annual saving to the government. Some idea of the work to be done may be gained from the statement that in the press-room of the Government Printing-office there are twenty-six Adams presses, fourteen Hoe cylinder presses, thirteen small jobbing presses, and one Bullock press, making an aggregate of fifty-four presses.

The Bullock press, which prints both sides of the sheet at the same time, is used exclusively for printing the Agricultural Report, a work of some seven hundred pages, with an annual edition of two hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes. In the press-room are stationed two steam-engines of fifty-horse power, four hydraulic presses, two cutting-machines; and two elevators ply between the different stories of the building. In the bindery there are twenty-nine presses, twenty-five machines for cutting, paging, numbering, etc., and nineteen ruling-machines constantly in operation. About one thousand persons are employed in this department, two hundred and fifty of whom are compositors.

Like other journals, the Chicago *Evening Post* lost every thing—office, presses, type, paper, and all materials. Nevertheless, not one issue of the paper failed. It happened on this wise: Two of the *Post* compositors, driven to the West District by the fire, found a little job office, about Monday noon, open and completely deserted, the occupants having rushed to the fire, then raging and seething over the doomed city. One instantly wrote out an account of the fire as far as it had progressed, and the other put it in type, and they clapped above it the old familiar words, *The Evening Post*, made it up in a page about six by eight inches, and exultantly printed it.

In the palace of Tzarko Selo, near St. Petersburg, are the rooms of the late Emperor Alexander, which, in conformity with a custom common among the nobility of Russia, have been kept exactly as he left them when he departed for Taganrog, where he died. His writing-table and cabinet are in confusion, as if he had just made use of the various articles which are scattered around. On a chair, as if thrown down carelessly, is a worn military surtout.

Boston cautions its citizens against a prodigal use of water, lest there be a water famine. The amount now consumed equals an average of seventy gallons per day for every man, woman, and child in the city.

An exchange says that Andrew Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Patterson, who used to preside at the White House, has just taken the premium for the best butter at a county fair held in Tennessee.

It is well known that certain inhuman horse-trainers make use of an attachment to the bit which so tortures the animal that he rears and plunges, and appears a magnificent stepper. An ingenious German has made himself celebrated for his ability to train horses with a peculiarly proud gait. The secret of his success was long unknown. Now it is ascertained that he put magnifying goggles upon the horse. Small stones looked like big ones, and the horse, in his efforts to surmount the supposed obstacles, acquired a grand tread.

The paper currency of Japan is made exclusively from the bark of a tree called *mitsumata*, which is expressly reserved for this purpose. The bark of the kaja-tree, which resembles our common willow, is extensively employed for making the different peculiar kinds of paper and papier-maché, in the manufacture of which the Japanese excel. More than 260 varieties of paper are made in Japan, for book-making, letter-writing, drawing, the manufacture of umbrellas, fans, mats, handkerchiefs, hats, coats, lanterns, artificial flowers, and for sundry curious and special purposes.

The *Herald of Health* approves of cheese—that is, if it is not too old. It says good cheese is even more nutritious than eggs. Americans use cheese as a relish, but rarely as an article of nourishment. The English working classes use bread and cheese very largely as an article of diet.

All house plants, it is said, flourish better for being watered with water several degrees warmer than the atmosphere in which they are grown. Mr. R. G. Williams, of the Vermont State Normal School, gives to the Department of Agriculture his testimony on this subject, as follows:

"Last winter we had about one hundred plants in the house, and usually gave them warm water, and very frequently water that was much too warm for the hand; some water at or very near the boiling-point has been poured into the saucers of the pots and just on the sides. We have about forty persons in the family, from different parts of the country, and their testimony is that they never saw so fine geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, verbenas, passion-flowers, oleanders. These plants show very marked improvement; others have flourished finely under the treatment."

Tennessee has some women of pluck. Recently a woman of that State got her husband released from prison by walking 150 miles, to Nashville, with a child in her arms, and asking the Governor to pardon him.

The present royal house of Russia has produced several princes of rare ability, the chief of whom was doubtless Peter the Great. Michael Fedorovitch Romanoff was the first emperor of the present family.

The Club des Opiophilies is the appellation of a club in Paris which owes its existence to the necessity of escaping from the sorrowful realities of the present times in France. A magnificent mansion in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe has been furnished with the most exquisite taste. On a large gallery, all festoons and astragals, are arranged a number of most enticing boudoirs, the principal piece of furniture in which is a most luxurious couch. At the head of each couch is a small night lamp, intended to set fire to the opium which the smoker inhales. There is, besides, a servant for each smoker, to assist him in all the details. Each member is to note down in a register the sensations he experiences during the trance produced by the effects of the opium. These will constitute the memoirs of the club, and will be published every year.

An English engineer has recently built a novel railway in Turkey, mules being the propelling power. A single rail is laid on sleepers, and the carriage has wheels in the centre on the same longitudinal line. Through the car runs a balancing-pole, the two ends of which, projecting three feet or more, are secured to saddles on the backs of mules. The animals will thus be one at each side of the load. It would be impossible for the cart to turn over, and all the weight in the cart, if evenly distributed, would bear upon the rail.

Crude sign-boards and curious signs were improvised after the Chicago fire, announcing whither various establishments had fled. The following is a specimen: "Owing to the recent warm snap, Jones & Smith have removed to ——."

The new Emperor of Germany and Von Moltke, chief of staff, have given their official sanction to the public observance of the Sabbath by ordering that the general parades of the German armies be held hereafter on Wednesday instead of Sunday.

Prince de Polignac recently married Mlle. De Bagneux. The "happy couple"—to use a time-honored phrase—started for Dieppe to spend the honey-moon. Arrived at Rouen, they found the train for Dieppe would not start for two hours, and therefore determined to go on to Havre instead. But, lo and behold! on their arrival there, passports were called for.

"I have no passports," quoth the bridegroom. "I am Prince de Polignac."

"Mighty fine," retorted the policeman; "we know that joke, my friend—it's rather stale. Come along."

The bride wept, the bridegroom entreated, and prevailed on the police superintendent to send a telegram to the father-in-law: "A man calling himself Prince de Polignac, just arrested at Havre, says he is your son-in-law. Is it the case?"

Back came the answer: "The man must be an impostor. My daughter and son-in-law have gone to Dieppe."

And thereupon the happy couple were hauled off to the lock-up, where they had to spend their wedding night. The following day the matter was cleared up.

An exchange remarks that no more dress frill is required now at receptions and weddings than for church or for ordinary visiting, which is one of the most sensible of late fashions.

Certain milkmen who cross the Brooklyn ferries in the early morning hours have been seen just before going on the ferry-boat to fill a milk-can with water from the hydrant in the ferry-house. During the passage across the river this harmless liquid was impartially distributed among the other cans on the milk-cart.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old lady complaining of the bad quality of a ham to the provision dealer, the latter assured her it was a regular Westphalia. "That it is, indeed!" exclaimed the dame, "and the worst failure I ever had!"

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

Too polite to interfere with the slumbers of adjacent bears, a Michigan hunter recently remained in a tree all night.

A darkey in attempting to cross a hatchway fell through, and his head struck a big piece of stone-coal, breaking it fine. On looking up, he saw his employer, and, fearing he had done something wrong, exclaimed, sorrowfully, "Golly, massa, I's real sorry I broke dat coal!"

It is at the approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly the "emptiness of things below."

The best way for a man to train up a child in the way he should go is to travel that way sometimes himself.

The following is an old sailor's direction to a dentist, "'Tis the aftermost grinder aloft on the starboard quarter."

Why is the coupling-chain of a locomotive like love?—Because it's a tender attachment.

There is a story going of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order a dinner. He wished some mushroom—preserved *ceps*—very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper and a pencil. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid—umbrella!

THE GARDENER'S MOTTO—Lettuce plant.

"That is unremitting attention," the student said, when his father forgot his usual allowance.

The champion snorer lives in Pequog, Massachusetts. His wife, awaking from a sound sleep the other night, began to shake her slumbering lord smartly to make him stop snoring. Just then came several very loud rolls of thunder, and desisting from her attempt, she resigned herself quietly to sleep, remarking, "It is only thundering, after all; I thought you were snoring!"

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the horse not guilty."

A lisping mother, who had presented her infant at the baptismal font for christening, on being asked by the clergyman, "What name?" responded, in a whisper, "Luthy, Thir," when, to the horror of the whole congregation and the consternation of the mother, he christened the baby—Lucifer.

A little boy defines snoring as "letting off sleep."

Why are Cashmere shawls like people who are totally deaf?—Because you can not make them here.

"Bridget, I told you to have my hot water the first thing in the morning." "Shure, Sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the dure last night, so as to have it in time?"

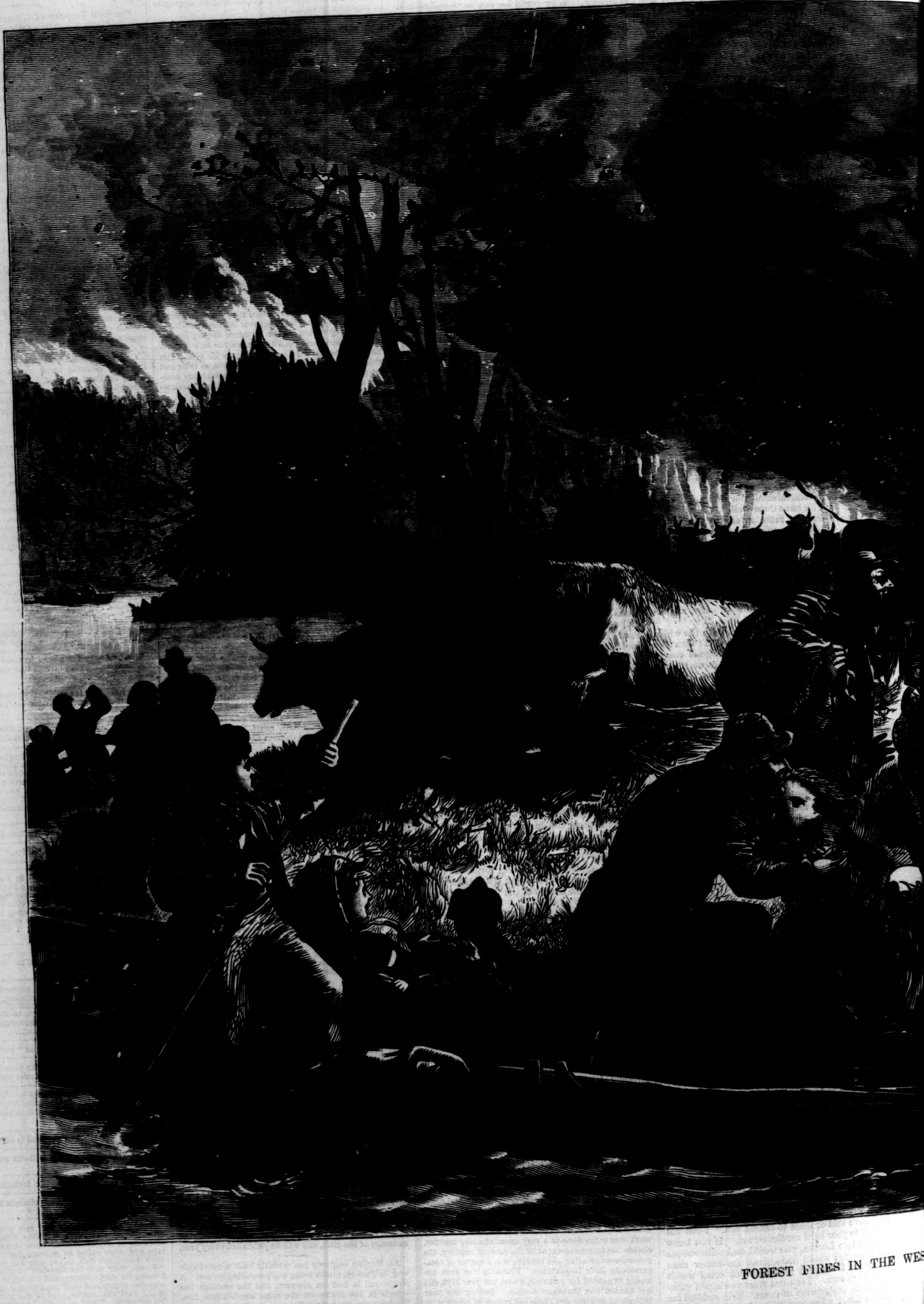
What is higher when the head is off?—The pillow.

What kind of a bat flies without wings?—A brick-bat.

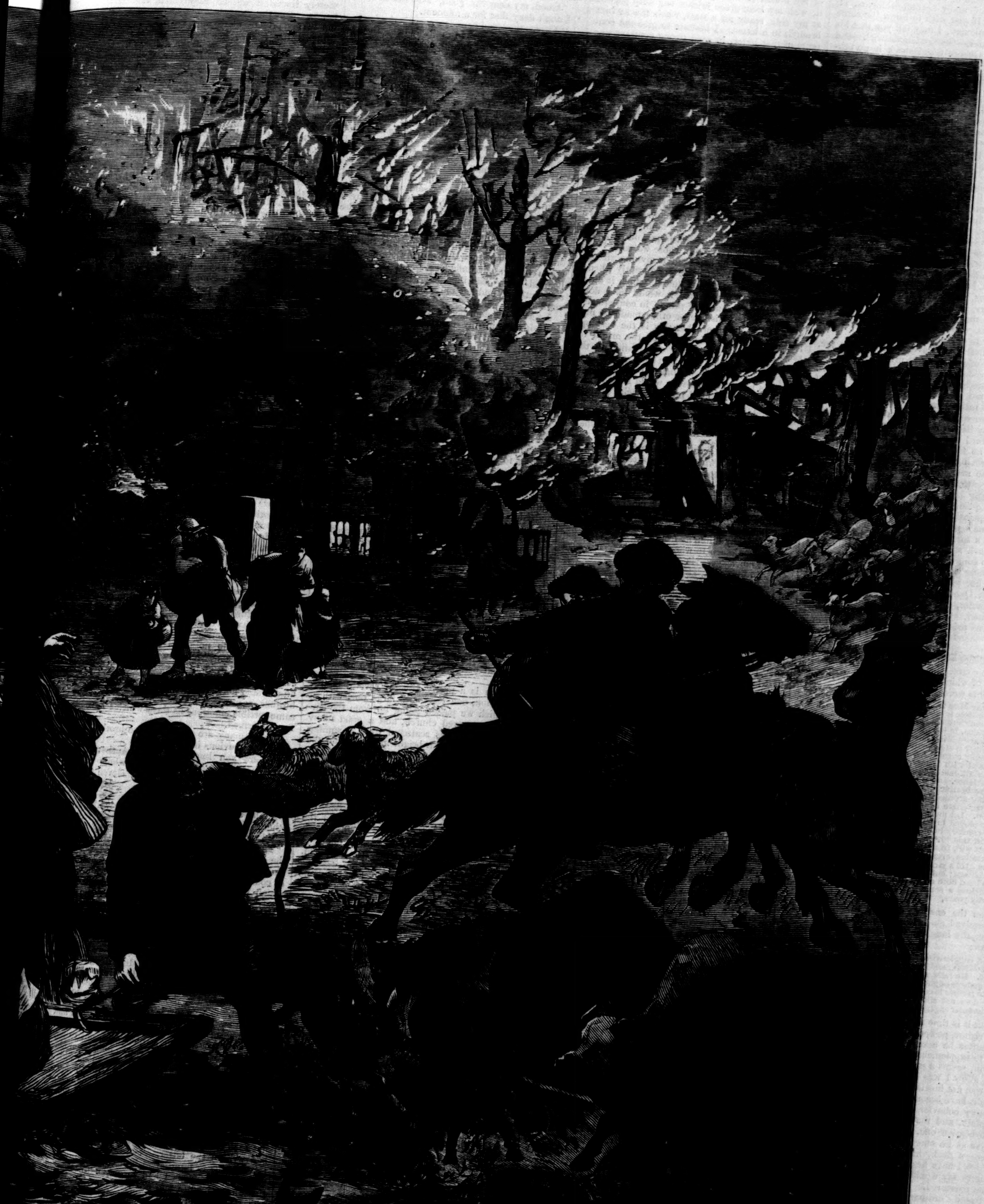
What is the lightest place in Ireland?—Cork.

Is a pawnbroker a man of principal?—Yes; it is his interest to be so.

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were both late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell as I was goin' in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, Sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off."



FOREST FIRES IN THE WES



NG OF PESHTIGO.—[See Page 1109.]

## HOW I LOST THE HEIRESS.

I am about to disclose a story which, I consider, places in a very shady category indeed all persons concerned in it except one. That one is a young gentleman of elegant manners, of attractive person, of many accomplishments, of high character. If you wish to know the name of this young gentleman, I may tell you that his name is Giggleswick—George Giggleswick—and I may add that George Giggleswick is no other than myself.

I purpose to lay the following facts before the public, because I feel that I ought to receive sympathy. I have suffered much. And yet I am not a scoundrel. I never took a purse, much less cut a throat. Nobody has ever had to say on my behalf that I am a kleptomaniac, or any thing of that sort. I am not in the habit of reeling out of public-houses; you would not meet me openly perambulating the Haymarket at late hours. I regard myself, in short, as a respectable young man. And yet during the last year, till I can bear it no longer, I have been exposed to the ridicule of every body who knows me. And ridicule is a punishment as terrible as any. Does not Byron say that by means of it Voltaire shook thrones? And I have been exposed to more than ridicule. I hesitate to say it, but I have been regarded by all my acquaintances during the above-mentioned time with hearty contempt. Yes, in this moral, virtuous, religious England of the nineteenth century, I have thus suffered entirely through the machinations of certain unprincipled persons, whose conduct I shall here proceed publicly to expose.

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since to me, sitting alone one evening in my lodgings (I am engaged in business in the great manufacturing town of Cotherbham), there entered my friend Apthorne Vyse. Recognizing him in the doorway, I felt rather uncomfortable; for I had lately been compelled to act in a manner which, I admit, may have caused annoyance as well as chagrin toward a young lady in whom I had heard that he took a very tender interest. It struck me, seeing him enter, that he might have heard of the matter, and have come to represent her resentment.

This young lady was a very attractive girl, with an exquisite figure for dancing, and one of those piquantly pretty faces which you see in Frank Stone's pictures. I had met her at a ball about a fortnight before, and had been, I confess, much struck with her. I had honored her with so conspicuous a preference as to dance several dances with her, and even, for the sake of having her as a partner, had attempted the Caledonian Quadrilles—a dance of a complicated character, and with which I am imperfectly acquainted. On the morning after the ball I should have paid her the farther attention of a call, but understood that she quitted town by an early train. Accordingly I dispatched to her town residence—with which she had acquainted me in the course of the evening—a letter, on the envelope of which I wrote, "To be forwarded." Its contents were as follows:

> "My dear Miss Carfax,—It is seldom that a person of any principle is justified in pursuing or attempting to form a matrimonial engagement in a manner which, being hurried, is therefore inconsiderate. But there are, my dearest Miss Carfax, exceptions to every rule. When beauty is supereminent, it carries away even the most steadily constituted mind; but when excellence is combined with beauty, as it is in you, there is at once an additional excuse for the loss of one's deliberative balance, and a strong assurance that in the event, the beatific event, of the fervid vows of the lover being acceded to, no ill consequence will result to the precipitate adorer. I say 'to the adorer,' for I adore you. Let me state my condition and prospects. I am employed in an important, not to say a confidential, capacity in one of the first of the merchants' houses in this town. My salary is at present not so high as it will, from the inevitable process of gradual augmentation, eventually be." (My salary, I may here say, was £120 a year—a small one upon which to propose marriage; but I flatter myself I expressed myself on this head both conscientiously and cleverly.)
>
> "I inclose a sonnet, and I am, my dearest Maud, devotedly yours, George Giggleswick."

Upon the ensuing day (up to which time I had received no answer—important letters usually require long consideration) I again wrote as follows:

> "Mr. Giggleswick presents his compliments to Miss Maud Carfax, and begs to withdraw his letter of yesterday. He feels, on more mature consideration, that such matters ought not to be entered upon too hastily; and he farther is conscious that his present limited income does not allow him to contemplate seriously a matrimonial engagement."

But it is time that I should return to my evening visitor, postponing such explanations as may hereafter be necessary of the causes which led me to supplement my first letter by one which, I admit, seems a strange contradiction.

I allow I was agreeably relieved to find that he was not hostile. I had apprehended that he might have become acquainted with that contradictory behavior of mine, which I shall shortly explain, and that his visit was likely to be a provocative one. I looked hard at Apthorne Vyse as he entered, anxious to see whether his face—a dark, handsome one—wore the frown which I have heard one of his many female admirers say would have become it well. But I was reassured. He held out his hand to me in a friend's ordinary manner, and said,

"I've come to ask you to play over at Guffleton to-morrow."

It was the beginning of the cricket season; and as cricket was the subject that was usually in the mouths of us young fellows just then, I at once understood the object of Apthorne's visit, which was to enlist me as a member of his eleven. He was captain of the Nomad Nothingarians, a wandering cricket club of some status. I always have had a proper regard for position in all matters. I believe my enemies say that I am "cockey about my cricket"—a low expression. However, I have always been most accommodating to Apthorne about these matters, and on this occasion also I consented to give him my services. He said he would call for me in the morning, and we could go to Guffleton by train together; and having made this appointment, he left me.

Next morning, I regret to say, the pleasure of my breakfast was spoiled. I was sitting at it, with my long green cricket bag duly packed at my side, ready for a start, when the servant brought in a letter. I hesitate to give the contents of that letter, in such strong contrast was its violent language with the calm and temperate style of the compositions which I have just now laid before the public. However, here it is:

> "Sir,—After the disgracefully ungentlemanlike manner in which you have behaved to a young lady whom, as my signature will evince, I have a right to represent, I take leave to inform you that I shall horsewhip you on the first favorable opportunity. I shall endeavor to make arrangements to secure such an opportunity, and I am, Sir, yours obediently,
>
> "Archibald Carfax."

"I shall be out of his reach to-day, at any rate," I said to myself, glancing at the long cricket bag as I laid the letter down.

I felt nervous, I confess, as well as indignant. I had never spoken to this bullying Mr. Archibald Carfax in my life; but I had seen him once at the ball, where I heard his name mentioned, and so identified him with a large and remarkably stout young man, with whose waltzing I had been amused, as he had been at my quadrilling; for I noticed him stop laughing abruptly when I looked his way as the set ended, which it did a little sooner, I fancy, than it would have done in the ordinary course of things, in consequence of some trifling mistake or other made by myself. I feel, however, that this is the best opportunity for explaining at once the origin of such points as may require explanation in the three letters which I have just now produced to the public; and I may remark, in parenthesis, that it is not every one who would state a case as candidly as I do. I am no special pleader. I state my adversary's dealings as well as my own, and only make such comments as I consider would naturally be made by a dispassionate observer.

Well, then, to account for the first letter. I had heard from two or three quarters that Maud Carfax was the possessor of some very solid attractions. The poets (a class of persons for whom I have the profoundest contempt; for very few of them make any money, and they grumble more even than the farmers)—the poets may talk as they like about love, but my views are essentially different from theirs. What one of the gentlemen to whom I have referred says about knowledge—viz.,

> "She is the second, not the first"—

is, in my opinion, equally true of love. I have no space to pursue the subject, or I might here take the opportunity of instilling my views, which, I flatter myself, steer that middle course so strongly recommended by the best authorities between the enthusiastic son or daughter and the calculating parent or guardian. I think, however, that I have now sufficiently accounted for my first letter.

The occasion of my second was as follows: After having dispatched my first, I began to feel, as we frequently do after committing ourselves to an important step, a little nervous. Had I not, I asked myself, been too precipitate? Had I acted with the consideration that was due to myself in proposing marriage to this young lady, having no evidence stronger than hearsay that the fortune was considerable? Had I not allowed my romantic feelings to get the better of my prudential?

After sitting in my arm-chair for a whole morning engaged in reflection, I decided to consult my medical man. Three weeks ago I had been indisposed, having experienced an unpleasant sensation in the thoracic cavity, temporarily relieved, indeed, by a jujube, but which might possibly return with augmented force, and should by all means be provided against by anticipatory treatment. I farther reflected that medical men know as much about their neighbors as most people, and that it was a peculiar practice of my own particular medical man, Mr. Barber, to interweave his advice with a padding, as a literary man might say, of all the gossip of the neighborhood.

Thus, then, when I had waited some time in the consulting parlor of Mr. Barber, there entered to me that practitioner. His usual practice with patients (some people like it) is to run up to them and shake both their hands. While questioning them or giving them advice he has a tendency to dance more or less round them, smiling.

"My dear Mr. Giggleswick, so sorry to see you," he said, on this occasion. "A good deal of illness about just now. Mrs. Harcourt Fuffin, one of my most esteemed patients—Mrs. Harcourt Fuffin is going to be married again. A Mr. Clegg."

"Indeed," I replied. "Didn't see Mrs. Fuffin at the ball the other night, Mr. Barber."

"My information, just given, may account for Mrs. Harcourt Fuffin's absence," Mr. Barber returned, dropping my hand, and, in acknowledgment of the ball, perhaps, performing a sort of faint pirouette in front of me.

"Miss Maud Carfax was the belle," I said.

"Miss—whom did you say, my dear Sir?"

"Miss Maud Carfax."

At this statement Mr. Barber seemed amused. He made desperate efforts to control his mirth, but only partially succeeded. He laughed awkwardly.

"She's very pretty," I said.

"A little *embonpoint*," Mr. Barber replied, his mouth twitching again. "But it improves some people. I trust, my dear Mr. Giggleswick, that we have nothing serious the matter with us. *Would* you protrude your tongue for a moment?"

"I suppose you don't admire Miss Carfax?" I said.

"Oh dear, yes, my dear Sir; a charming person," the doctor said, sniggering again in spite of himself.

"Well," I said, "I see you don't much admire her looks. But you can not deny that she has some very substantial attractions."

"Good, my dear Sir, good," said the doctor; "I don't deny that for a moment."

"Fifteen thousand pounds—some in the funds, some in mortgages, some in railway debentures; and a very safe way of putting out one's money," I said.

"Fifteen thousand pounds! My dear Sir," the doctor broke in, "to my certain knowledge Maud Carfax hasn't fifteen pence. How can you expect it? Look at the family—all those brothers." And Mr. Barber performed a *pas seul* on the hearth-rug, or at least something very like one. "But, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, stopping in the middle of it, "I fear we had too good reason for our visit. We are ill; we have suddenly turned pale; we—"

"Are you sure?" I interrupted.

"My dear Sir," the doctor said, with dignity, "am I, to your knowledge, the man to injure a young lady's matrimonial prospects by false statements? Miss Maud Carfax told my second cousin, who visits there, that she hadn't a penny, and never would have one, and that she didn't care who knew it. So my statement is not a breach of confidence. She is a good-hearted—girl," said the doctor, hesitating at the substantive, "and has only one fault—she takes snuff."

I was at the door before this speech was done. I positively, in my consternation, forgot the thoracic ailment respecting which I had come to consult Mr. Barber. I am not sure whether, in my consternation and confusion, I said as much as "Good-morning." I heard Mr. Barber behind me, as I forestalled him in opening the front-door, being quick in getting away—

"My dear Sir, try a sedative. I will send the boy with one shortly."

I have now, I think, accounted for the second and third letters, and my narrative has reached the point of time at which Apthorne Vyse, according to appointment, called on me, that we might together seek the tented plain of Guffleton.

My mind being somewhat occupied just now, I had not troubled myself much to make farther inquiries about my opponents of to-day; and, indeed, your cricketer of the period cares very little against whom he plays, so long as he has an opportunity of playing against somebody. On our journey down this morning (we went by the second train, Apthorne telling me that most of the men from our way had gone by the first) I questioned him very little on the above-mentioned head. Nor was he very communicative upon this point. He told me there would be a strongish team against us.

Who was their best man, I asked.

Apthorne didn't know; thought they were a very even lot, all pretty fair, and no "tail" to the eleven. We were slackening speed for the station: I had better get my bag down from the tray.

Guffleton is a pretty village; several houses of pretension, one especially large one, with a lodge, which we passed going up from the station, an ivy-covered church, and a good many Elizabethan cottages scattered over a smiling fertile level. It was a bright morning, and the cricket ground looked well as we approached it, walking from the station.

"There's our tent," Apthorne said—"that on the nearest side of the field;" and he pointed with a bat which he was carrying to a marquee, above which fluttered in the air, on a flag, the inscription "N. N.," being the initials of the Nomad Nothingarians.

"You had better go in and dress at once. I see our fellows are getting out into the field. Guffleton must have won the toss."

And so saying, Apthorne vaulted over some iron hurdles, as the most direct access to our tent, which stood in the corner of the field opposite to the large one of the Guffleton Cricket Club. I followed Apthorne. He was already dressed for the game, and was consequently out in the field, performing the duties of his captaincy, while I was still engaged with the contents of my bag. Presently he came running in.

"Now, Giggleswick, clap on those spiked soles. They're only waiting for you to send their first two men in."

At last, suitably attired, I came forth from the tent, the last but not the least of the Nomad Nothingarians. I went out into the field, observed with respectful admiration, of which I felt a pleasing consciousness, by a ring of spectators, many of them well-dressed, which was now forming round the ground. The rest of my eleven were already in their various positions in the field.

"You take point and mid-on," Apthorne said, from his own post of wicket-keeper. "Point, first over."

I took my position for the first over as point, with my back to the Guffleton tent.

"It seems to me," I said, "that these duffers are longer in sending their men in than we shall be in getting them out."

"Hush," Apthorne said; "they're close behind you." And as he spoke, to my considerable confusion—for they must have overheard me—a stout cricketer, bat in hand, passed me on the right-hand side, and another stout cricketer, bat in hand, passed me on the left.

The latter proceeded to the wicket at which the first over was to be bowled, and, arriving, turned round, for the first time showing me his face, while he said to the umpire,

"Guard, please."

A thrill of terror ran through me. He was Maud Carfax's brother!—the very man who had written the note I had only that morning received, in which he had so amiably alluded to a horsewhip. Yes, that was the man I had seen at the ball. I recollected him only too well.

But while this passed through my mind he had taken "guard." "Play!" called the umpire, and one of our men delivered the first ball. It was clear to the "off," and the batsman attempted to "cut" it, but getting a little too much under it, merely tipped it up, an easy catch, into my hands. But the catch was not an easy one to me in my present alarm and confusion, and I dropped it. I saw, but heeded not, the aggrieved looks of the rest of the fieldsmen. I heard, but heeded not, the laughter of the ring of spectators. An exclamation even reached my ears—I believe it was "Butter fingers!" But I was regardless.

However, my enemy did not appear to recognize me, at least at present; but when once he had "got his eye in," and had leisure to glance about him, I felt convinced he would perceive me. I wished he would make a run and get to the other wicket, where he would be farther off. I glanced at the other wicket. Powers of magic! shades of Merlin and Michael Scott! Why, he was there already in a flash! There, at the other wicket, was the man I had seen at the ball, the stout large man who had written the threatening epistle. I looked back. No, there were two of them!

I did not know whether I was standing on my head or on my heels, and I missed stopping another ball that shot along the ground my way as disgracefully as I had missed catching the one which had come to me through the air. I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming? Simultaneously at each wicket stood the large stout brother of Maud Carfax, who had stated that he should diligently provide himself with an opportunity of horsewhipping me. I must be dreaming. I had read Edgar Allan Poe's tale of a double lately, and I was surely in bed and dreaming about it. But at this moment one of the batsmen gave another chance to another fieldsman, who, not having on his mind what I had, opened his hands successfully. The batsman was "out," and walked away from the wicket without recognizing me. I felt a trifle relieved. One enemy had gone away. But to my horror, looking down toward the Guffleton tent, I saw him coming back again, the very same stout large man, my bitter foe. He drew nearer and nearer.

"How uncommonly like to each other all these brothers are!" said the man who was fielding next me.

A light, which had been gradually dawning upon me, now broke clear. I had not seen the person whom I dreaded more than once, and having no very accurate knowledge of his features, was unable to distinguish which was he of three brothers. From my not having been at present recognized, I was compelled to conclude that the third brother, now arriving, was the Nemesis I had to dread. But after a tremulous three or four minutes, I was rejoiced to find that he, too, took no notice of me. Presently his partner "ran out." "They will be eliminated by degrees," I said to myself, not unhopefully, as he passed by me from the wicket. To my unutterable horror, he was replaced by a fourth brother, respecting whom I went through the same terrible emotions as those which I have before described.

"How many are there of these brothers?" I asked my previous informant.

"Don't you know? Didn't Apthorne tell you?" he said. "Why, it is the whole fun of the fair. We're playing against eleven brothers."

I went cold all over.

"And are they—are they all exactly like each other?" I asked.

"Exactly."

They were so, and I leave the reader to guess the condition I was in till the tenth wicket fell. Each successive batter might be Archibald, and of course, on account of the exhaustive process which was going on, the possibility was more likely each time a wicket fell. I fancy some gray hairs I have are due to that cricket-match, and that, pending its termination, I grew thinner. I remained, however, not recognized. There are some enthusiastic members of the Nomad Nothingarians, but I question whether their collective was equal to my individual delight when the innings of Guffleton ended. Up to that period I had failed to find out which of the eleven stout brothers was the man I had seen in the ball-room. There must, of course, have been a great interval between the ages of the eldest and the youngest; but they all equally possessed those black whiskers and that robustness, not to say corpulence, which makes a young man seem older, and that easy-going semi-sporting look which makes the attacks of Time upon middle-aged gentlemen less obvious. And, as I have before observed, I had only seen my *bête noire* once, and in a ball-room, where age, we know, is a thing unusually uncertain. However, it certainly seemed very strange that my doubts had not been cleared up by the one of the eleven who had written the letter. Surely he must have taken pains to familiarize himself with my personal appearance. I had forgotten to mention that I contrived to find out that the eleven, one and all, had the same accent, the same slight thickness of speech, and that I recollected this peculiarity in the one observation I had overheard of my enemy at the ball. I meditated escape between the innings; but while I was looking down the fields toward the station, and waiting for a suitable opportunity of quietly disappearing by the remotest corner of the field, I felt myself touched on the shoulder, and, turning, saw Apthorne.

"You'll go in first with me," he said.

"Well, I—I—I—"

"Should have thought you'd got over that nervousness about going in first by this time. I'll take the first over," Apthorne said. "We shall only play one innings each," he went on, "and we'll cut the dinner. I'll take you to a house I know for a quiet meat-tea."

I assented to this proposal gladly, as it would remove me from observation. It was the best thing next to escape, and escape now, with Apthorne's eye upon me, was impossible. Already I saw in the distance the eleven fat brothers taking up their positions in the field.

"Get your pads on," Apthorne said.

So I went into the dressing-tent again, and shortly emerged with my bat. It was a terrible ordeal, arriving at my wicket before the eyes of the eleven fat brothers, all, of course, surveying me. Every moment I expected a *dénouement*. I trembled as I took guard, giving the umpire about thrice as much trouble as he usually has in the matter, and momentarily expected a rush upon me, from near "point" or distant "long leg," from "slip" behind or "long on" in front, of the actual fat brother of my fears. But not one of them made any sign. I played my innings—a short one, for which I was not sorry—and, indeed, in spite of a cricketer's objection to injure his own reputation, I went so far as to play it in as random a fashion as I could; and I was soon "out." "Out," too, immediately afterward was Apthorne; and he reached the tent, where I was taking off my pads, and sat down by me.

"It's four o'clock now," he said, looking at his watch, "and as I suppose I shall be expected to put in some sort of an appearance at the regular feed, what do you say to going off at once and getting the meat-tea forward? If you like you can take the train home after."

I jumped at the proposal.

"By all means," I said, and, starting up, I took a run and jumped the iron hurdles that lay behind our tent. I turned round after alighting, and saw Apthorne smiling. He quietly came up and vaulted over the railing after me, as he had done before me in the morning. We were now on the high-road, and I walked fast enough at his side till we stopped at the lodge gate of the large house which I have mentioned before as having noted on my way up.

"This is the place," Apthorne said, briefly, as he swung open the gate before the lodge-keeper, who saw us entering, had time to reach it. And we walked side by side up an avenue edged with rustling poplars, and widening into a bay of gravel before some large stone steps, above which rose the house—a handsome brick-built mansion, with stone dressings. We went up the steps, and Apthorne, when the bell was answered, walked in without making any inquiry whatever of the servant in livery. We were being shown into the drawing-room, when a voice that made me start—for it had the character of the voices of the eleven fat brothers—invoked us from the far end of the hall; it was, however, a lady's voice.

"Come into the dining-room, Mithter Vyse," it said, "and bring your friend. You shall have tea in five minutes."

Just as I discovered a head protruding from a distant door, and inferred it to be the proprietor of the voice, the head drew itself in, and I followed Apthorne in its direction. On entering the dining-room I obtained a full view of the owner of the voice. She was standing on the hearth-rug to receive us. She was very large, very stout, very plain—in age about, I should say, forty-five. A cold shudder ran through me when I perceived that she bore a strong resemblance to the eleven representative cricketers of Guffleton. Apthorne, meanwhile, murmured an introduction, enunciating my name very distinctly, but dropping his voice when he pronounced hers.

I was in the agonies of composition of a remark suitable to the occasion, when the door opened and another person entered, of the male sex. I glanced at him; and if my hair did not stand on end, as did that of Proculus Julius when, returning from Alba Longa after dinner, he met the ghost of Romulus, why nobody's hair ever did so erect itself. I saw before me at last, indubitably, that brother of Maud Carfax whom I had seen at the ball.

Every one knows, I should think, how, when we are not quite certain that a face is thoroughly known to us, we are perplexed by thinking we recognize the acquaintance in question, when we see only one who much resembles him. From this cause had arisen my embarrassment respecting the eleven fat brothers. But every one also knows, when we actually do meet the person whom we have been incessantly and erroneously supposing ourselves to meet, how absurd our former identifications appear, and how clear our present one. Looking now at the man who faced me, I wondered I could have felt a single alarm that morning, much more eleven successive terrors. I bowed with as much composure as I could summon to the new-comer. Very rudely, he did not acknowledge my salute in the least, but sat down at the table. Looking up from it intently at me, he put his hand into his coat-pocket, and drew forth and laid on the table before him a—horsewhip.

He then spoke to me, with the same thickness of accent as the rest of his confounded family.

"You received a letter from me this morning, Sir."

I was very much confused, and even alarmed, and did not know what to reply to this. In answer, I sat down at that angle of the table most remote from his own position.

"I repeat the sentiments of that letter," pursued its writer, in his rude way. "I presume that you revoked your offer to Miss Maud Carfax from some idea that the favorable report you had heard about her property—hearsay which probably provoked your first offer—was an incorrect rumor. Now, Sir, let me tell you that Miss Maud Carfax is in actual possession of a large property, and is heiress to a larger."

I looked at him incredulously, remembering the remarks of Mr. Barber. He looked at Apthorne.

"Is it not so, Apthorne?" he asked.

"I believe," Apthorne said, "that Miss Maud Carfax—her least attraction in my eyes—is, in point of property, very well off indeed."

"I am sorry, Sir," I began: "I am sure I admire your sister very much. She is to me the personification of grace, the quintessence of female loveliness."

Here the two men simultaneously began to laugh, and the lady produced a snuff-box and used it.

"Well, now, Mr. Giggleswick," said the gentleman on the other side of the table, taking up the horsewhip and slowly winding the lash round the handle, "you have your friend Apthorne Vyse's word, which every one would believe, that Miss Maud Carfax is an heiress. I was disposed to let you off very lightly for the impertinence you have shown to her—the gross impertinence. It is quite possible"—here he looked at the lady—"that my sister's feelings may be drawn toward you."

"Archibald!" the lady said, remonstratingly. Archibald and Apthorne laughed.

"Now I propose," the former went on, "that you should simply rewrite your first letter in all essentials, revoking thus your second; but as my sister is a very punctilious person, and as I know her weak side, I will dictate the letter myself."

"I think I would rather—" I began, hesitatingly.

Archibald unrolled the lash of the horsewhip; Apthorne rang the bell.

"Arrange writing materials in front of this gentleman," Archibald said to the servant who entered.

The servant did this, and on his retirement Archibald began to dictate.

"Dearest Miss Carfax."

"Yes," I said, writing it down.

"It is with feelings of the deepest admiration, united with the greatest affection, that I ask you to be my wife."

"'Ask you to be my wife'—yes," I said.

"The moral susceptibilities of my nature," Archibald resumed, "are as much aroused by your virtues, as my refined, my æsthetic sympathies are by your beauty—a beauty that surpasses my most romantic visions."

"Don't be such a fool, Archibald!" said the lady, coloring as well as laughing.

"'My most romantic visions,'" I said, diligently writing.

"It is indeed fortunate," Archibald continued, "that if you honor me with your hand, I shall have, not only a peerless wife, but twelve incomparable brothers-in-law. To be united in the bonds of affinity with so exemplary a person as Mr. Archibald Carfax is my earnest aspiration."

"I don't see the good of bringing in the rest of the family," I observed, pausing.

"You had better," said Archibald, toying with the horsewhip. He repeated the passage, and I took it down.

"Now," said he, "sign, address, and put the date."

I did so.

"And give me the letter."

"Stop!" I said, "there's a little thing that might go some way—a sonnet that I sent. Has your sister got it?"

"No," said Archibald; "you had better rewrite it, by all means, if you can recollect it."

"It is odd she hasn't it already," I said; "but I can write it down again in a few minutes." And I immediately proceeded to do so from memory, upon which it had been impressed by the labor of composition. I don't put it down here. It was too affectionate, too romantic; the style of an Amadis addressing his Diana.

He took the letter and read it out, sonnet and all, slowly and distinctly, to my farther disconcertment. On concluding, he looked at the lady between whom and himself there existed so strong a family likeness, and said,

"Do you accept this offer?"

"Stop," Apthorne put in; "take time, Miss Carfax. Don't lose your action for breach."

"I—I—" I said, looking amazedly from one to the other—"have not proposed to this lady, but to your sister."

"This lady is my sister," Archibald returned, touching the horsewhip as it lay on the table before him.

"But to your other sister, to Miss Maud Carfax—a young lady of fortune," I exclaimed.

"Don't expose the meanness of your character," observed Apthorne.

"You have proposed, Sir, to Miss Maud Carfax, a lady without a farthing, my sister; and I hold your written offer in my hand, referring to me as her brother."

"You told me your sister had a fortune," I shrieked—"capital in debentures!"

"I did not. I told you Miss Maud Carfax had a fortune."

"Well," I said, "and I have proposed to her."

"My good fellow," Archibald resumed, very quietly and slowly, "there are two Misses Maud Carfax, one is my sister and the other my cousin, and you have proposed to the wrong one."

"It's a vile plant!" I cried out. "I'll indict the three of you for a conspiracy!"

"If you don't drop that style, I shall pick up the horsewhip," Archibald said, in his brutal way.

"We've had some very good fun out of you to-day," observed Apthorne. "You had better, I think, take the earlier evening train."

"And a glass of sherry and a chop before you go, Mr. Giggleswick," Miss Carfax said, helping herself to snuff again. "You needn't fear me. I here publicly refuse your offer of marriage, while I thank you for the complimentary terms in which it is made."

I went away without partaking of their hospitality. I had spirit enough to do that. But the revenge of these wretched creatures has not stopped here. That obese old Miss Carfax keeps my letter and sonnet, and has shown it to all her confidential friends. Each of them, of course, has spread its contents wider, and, in short, for the last year I have been the laughing-stock. Last Valentine's Day I received forty-seven valentines; they were all copies of one, and sent, no doubt, by a single idiot who had nothing better to do. They represented a very stout, large, and distinctly middle-aged female, and at her feet, in an absurd Romeo-like attitude, a small thin man (I myself am neither tall nor fat), and underneath was the very sonnet I had recopied and given to that person calling himself a gentleman, Archibald Carfax.

To explain would be useless; the remedy would be at least as bad as the disease. I don't know, though. The thing has come down to the boys in the street; I hear them sniggering behind, and calling after me. Life is a burden. I must unbosom my grief in some manner, and I have hereby done so.

That deceitful, ungentlemanly fellow, Apthorne Vyse, is going to be married to the rich and pretty Miss Maud Carfax. I have not seen him since the events I have recorded, nor, since then, have I played cricket. I believe Mr. Barber erred in ignorance, not knowing that *two* Misses Carfax were named Maud; but he is no longer my medical attendant.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from Dr. Petermann, the eminent geographer of Gotha, containing more detailed information in regard to the polar discoveries lately referred to by the daily papers in the form of a brief telegram. It will be remembered that in recent articles we have given an account, among other arctic expeditions, of one under the direction of Messrs. Payer and Weyprecht, on the vessel called the *Ice Bear*, which sailed from Tromsöe, in Norway, during the past summer. The expedition returned to Tromsöe on the 3d of October, and dispatched a telegram to Dr. Petermann, stating that in September they had found an open sea between 42° and 60° east longitude from Greenwich, and that they had followed this as far as the 79th degree of north latitude and 43d east longitude. Without giving any reason for not proceeding farther, they state that their route was, probably, much the most favorable one for reaching the pole, connecting, as they imagined it to do, with the open polar sea north of Siberia, and toward the east.

An unintelligible portion of the dispatch of these gentlemen was supposed to intimate that King Charles Land, east of Spitzbergen and near Gillies Land, extended south to 77° 12'. Dr. Petermann considers this information as of the utmost importance; especially in view of the fact that reports from all the other polar expeditions of the present year indicate a very unfavorable state of the ice. Full accounts of these other expeditions will be published in a forthcoming number of the *Mittheilungen*.

Dr. Petermann thinks the favorable condition of the ice for navigation in these seas is caused by the action of the Gulf Stream; and he refers to his map of 1870 (lately reproduced by the United States Hydrographic Bureau, under Captain Wyman), in which he lays down the Gulf Stream, between 75° and 76°, as having a temperature, according to Dr. Bessels, of over 41°; while an arrow, inserted there to indicate the direction of the stream, points exactly to the 79th degree of north latitude and 49th of east longitude.

The German surveying ship *Pomerania* returned from her cruise in the Baltic in August last, having been occupied during the summer in making soundings of the sea bottom, in dredging, and in noting the temperature of the water at different depths. The greatest depth between Gothland and Windau was found to be 720 feet, being less than previously estimated. At a depth of from 600 to 720 feet, at the latter end of July, the temperature was only 33° to 36.5° Fahrenheit. No marine plants were met with in this cold area, and only a few annelids were dredged up. Life was very abundant to the depth of about 300 feet, while plants were seldom found at a depth of more than thirty feet.

In a previous number of the *Weekly* we announced the intended visit to the United States of Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys, the eminent British marine zoologist and naturalist, well known as an author, and from his connection with the British dredging expeditions. This gentleman arrived in the United States toward the end of August, and after spending some time in Cambridge and Newport, visited Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, where on several occasions he accompanied the parties engaged in the investigation of the marine zoology of the adjacent region. After a short stay at Burlington, New Jersey, and at Philadelphia, he proceeded to Chicago, where he spent considerable time in examining the collections in zoology in charge of Dr. William Stimpson, and which, unfortunately, have been since destroyed by the great Chicago fire. After a short visit in Montreal, Mr. Jeffreys returned to England.

Late advices from England bring us information of the death of two prominent men of science. One of them, Mr. Charles Babbage, who died on the 20th of October, and the other, Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, who died on the 23d.

Mr. Babbage was a mathematician of great eminence, and rendered much service to his branch of science in various ways. Among the occupations of a long and busy life was the construction of a calculating machine, which, however, we believe, was not completed at the time of his death, although so far finished as to exhibit specimens of its work. He contributed numerous papers to scientific journals, and was the author of one of the series of the celebrated Bridgewater Treatises. At the time of his death Mr. Babbage was in his seventy-ninth year.

Sir Roderick Murchison attained distinction in a different line of science—namely, that of geography and geology. He was born in Scotland on the 19th of February, 1792, and was consequently seventy-nine years of age at the time of his decease. In early life he was an officer in the British army, and served with distinction in the Peninsular campaign; but shortly after his marriage, in 1815, he disposed of his commission, and occupied himself more and more with scientific pursuits. As a geologist he in time took a very high rank, and is known for the number and magnitude of the articles on this subject from his pen. The most important of these are two works on the Silurian system, and one on the geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. He was much interested in the subject of geography, and during his connection with the Royal Geographical Society of London did much to extend the bounds of science. At the time of his death he was director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, and head of the School of Mines in Jermyn Street. Few scientific men in Great Britain have occupied a more prominent position before the public than Sir Roderick Murchison.

A prize of $1000 is offered by the marine secretary of the British Board of Trade for the most efficient and simple green light for the starboard side of ships, that shall fulfill the conditions of being of sufficient power to be seen on a dark night, in a clear atmosphere, for a distance of two miles, uniformly, over an arc of ten points of the compass, from right ahead to two points abaft the beam. Lamps intended to compete for the prize should be sent in before the 18th of December next.

Dr. Carpenter has lately been employed on board the *Shearwater* in continuing the researches commenced last summer upon the Gibraltar current, and has succeeded in establishing beyond a doubt the existence of the outward under-current as already indicated. Dr. Carpenter will proceed in the *Shearwater* to Egypt, for the purpose of prosecuting in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean the inquiries carried on last year in the western basin.

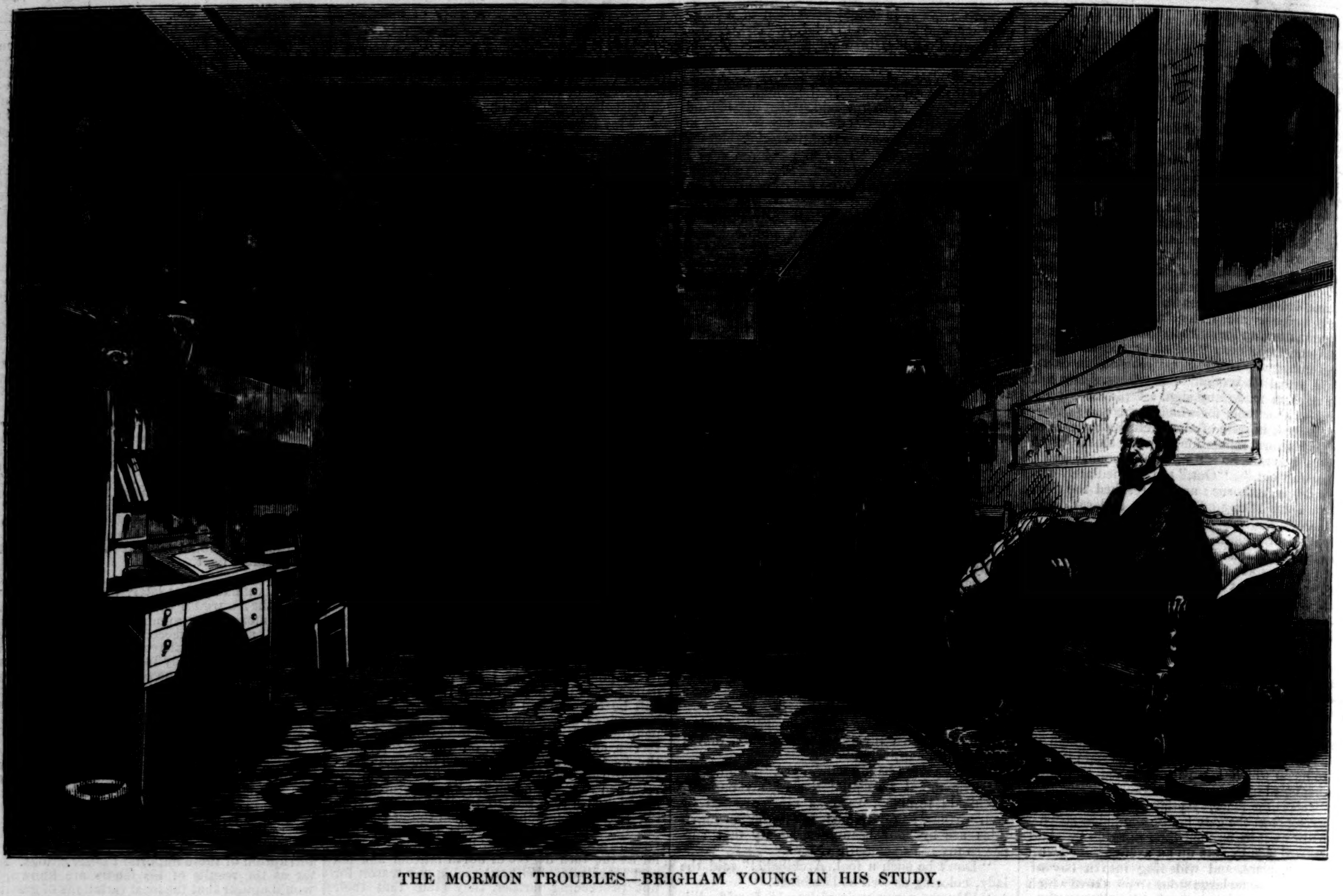
The death is announced in *Nature* of Captain Basevi, of the Royal Engineers, and deputy superintendent of the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. We have already referred to the pendulum experiments carried on by this gentleman in India, having for their special object the determination of the mass of the earth in that region, and we regret to hear of the untimely interruption of these important observations. As far as the results of his labors are known, it would appear that the local variations of gravity which are superposed on the great law of increase from the equator to the poles, though apparently irregular when examined singly, are subject to laws which are highly interesting and curious, and are well worthy of investigation. At the northern extremity of the arc the results indicate a deficiency of density as the stations approach the Himalayan Mountains, while at the southern extremity they show an increase of density as the stations approach the ocean: thus both groups of results point to a law of diminution of density under mountains and continents, and an increase under the bed of the ocean.

While this applies to altitudes of 7000 feet and under, it remained to determine the conditions at greater heights, and arrangements were made to experiment on some of the table-lands of the interior of the Himalayas of 14,000 to 17,000 feet in height. After this was done the pendulums were to be taken back to England, and swung at the base stations of Greenwich and Kew, stopping at Aden, on the Suez Canal. In this way the gravity at Aden would be directly compared with that at certain points of the coast and continental stations of the Indian peninsula, while the plains of Egypt would be compared with the Himalayan Mountains. In the prosecution of this research Captain Basevi reached a spot in Ladak, where, at an altitude of 15,500 feet, he completed a satisfactory series of observations, which show a very gross deficiency of density. After applying the usual reductions to sea level, etc., it was found that the force of gravity at that point did not exceed the normal amount for the parallel of six degrees to the south, as determined by previous observations with the same pendulums.

Wishing to have one more independent determination at a high altitude, Captain Basevi continued his journey to a point on the borders of the Chinese territories at an altitude of about 16,000 feet. Here, however, his labors were abruptly closed by disease, which had been impending for some time, and but a short period elapsed before his death occurred.

The latest advices from Captain Hall's expedition were dated at Upernavik, September 5, being somewhat later than the information brought back by the *Congress*. After parting with the *Congress* at Disco, Captain Hall sailed nearly north until he reached the harbor of Proven, where he landed and endeavored to obtain dogs. In this, however, he was not very successful, procuring only eighteen, most of which were not well fitted for service. From Proven the *Polaris* proceeded to Upernavik, arriving there on the 30th of August. He left this port on the 5th of September, and continued on his polar journey.

The editors of the *American Naturalist*, with commendable enterprise, publish a double number for September, containing the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the meeting held at Indianapolis in August last. The address of the retiring president, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, upon the Geognosy of the Appalachian Chain and the Origin of Crystalline Rocks, is given in full, together with abstracts of a large number of the papers read in the Section of Natural History. It may be proper to remark that some exception has been taken to the views of Dr. Hunt, and that vigorous rejoinders have already appeared, or will appear, from several of the leading geologists of the country. Among the most important and original communications before the Section of Natural History was that by Professor Cope, presenting a new system for the classification of fishes, and another by Professor Gill upon the classification of the mammals.

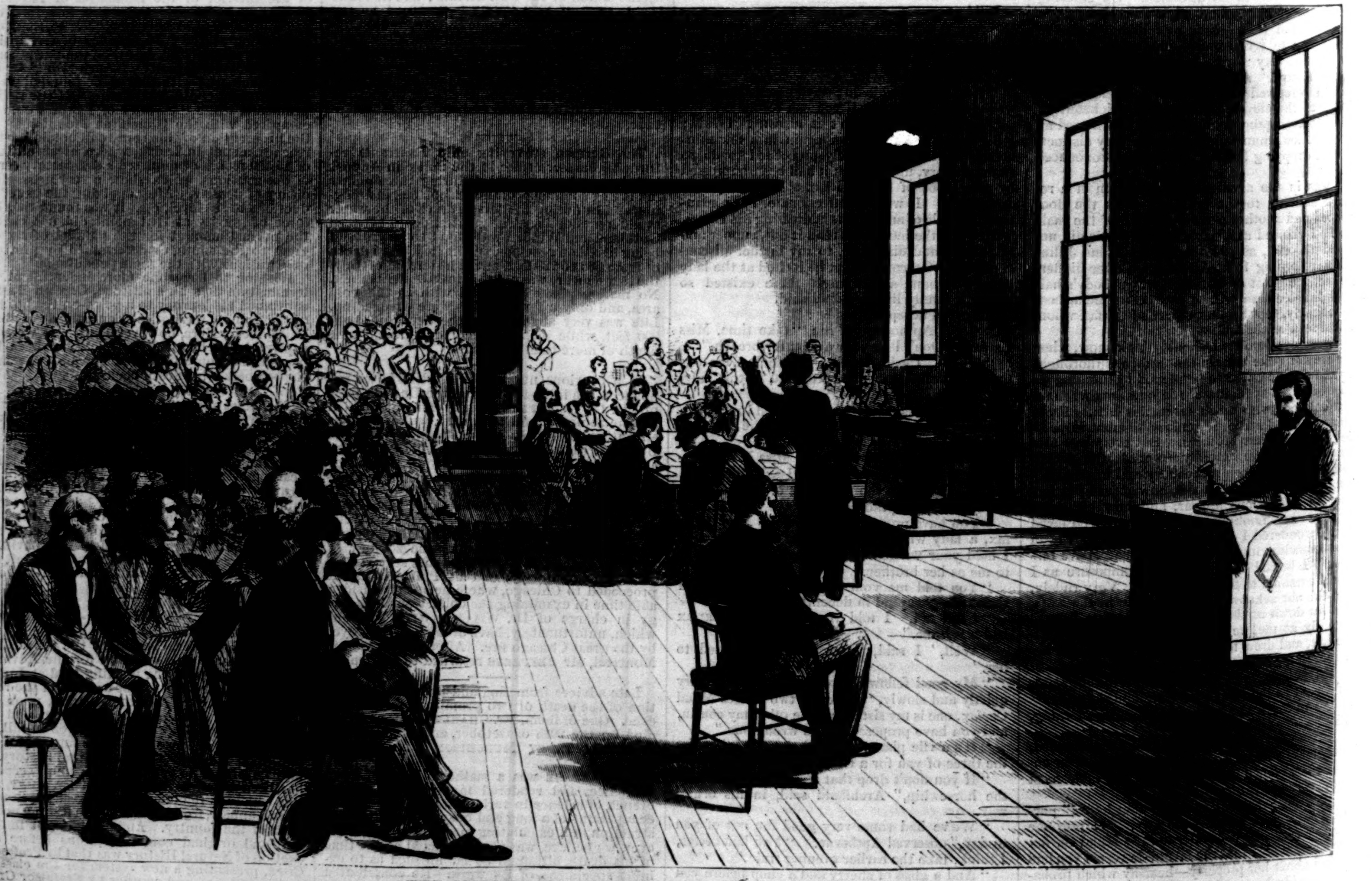


THE MORMON TROUBLES—BRIGHAM YOUNG IN HIS STUDY.

## TROUBLOUS TIMES IN UTAH.

THE reported flight of **BRIGHAM YOUNG** from the Territory over which he has held despotic sway for so many years, indicates the breaking up of the "peculiar institution" which made Utah a plague-spot on the map of our country. The "Gentiles," as our readers already know, had commenced prosecution against him, on the charge of having a greater number of wives than is allowed by the laws of Christian countries. He had also fallen into disfavor with his own followers on account of his sharp practice in respect to the Pacific Railroad bonds. When he found that he could not prevent the construction of the road, he determined to extract a profit out of it. Accordingly he contracted for and built that portion of it which passed through his Territory. When it was built, however, he found a difficulty in getting his money, and consequently was unable to pay the poor Mormons who had left their farms and workshops at his bidding to work on the road. Instead of money he gave them railway bonds, which at the time had fallen to about 35. Then, as trustee of the Church, he accepted those bonds in the payment of tithes and the like. The bonds having steadily risen, it is said that **BRIGHAM YOUNG**, the private individual, bought them from **BRIGHAM YOUNG**, the trustee of the Mormon Church, not at their current value, but at the price at which they had been paid in, and that by this juggle he realized a very handsome profit.

The upper engraving on this page shows the cabinet or office in which the Prophet transacts his public business. This is a somewhat spacious apartment, divided into two by a wooden screen or half-high partition. It is plainly but comfortably furnished, the walls being hung with portraits of leading "saints" in black ebony frames. The lower engraving represents a scene at the trial of **THOMAS HAWKINS** for the same offense with which **BRIGHAM YOUNG** is charged. The accuser was the first wife of **HAWKINS**, to whom she was married in England many years ago. She seems to have lived comfortably enough with him, even after he had taken two other wives unto himself, until recently, when, finding that the others engrossed most of his attentions and his money, she brought a suit for divorce and alimony. The trial was piquant and brief, and the verdict in favor of the woman.



THE MORMON TROUBLES—TRIAL OF THOMAS HAWKINS.

## FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST.

**SIMULTANEOUSLY** with the news of the burning of Chicago came the intelligence of vast conflagrations in the forests and prairies in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. These terrible fires have probably destroyed many times the number of those who fell victims of the burning of Chicago, though the damage to property is much less in actual value.

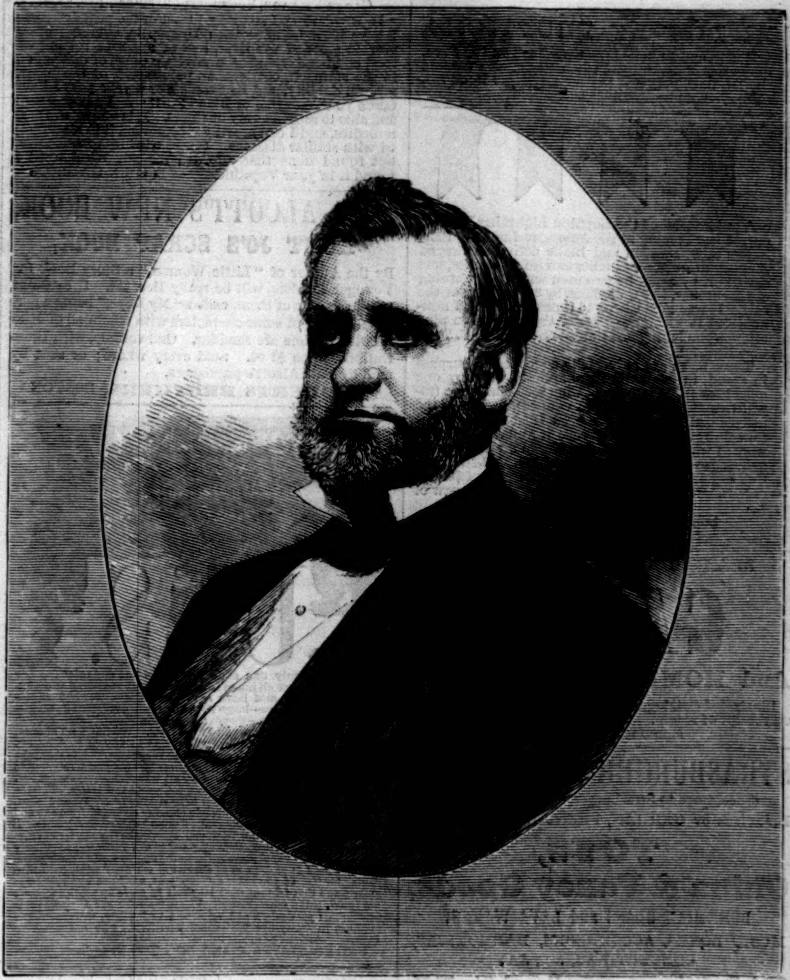
The worst calamity occurred in the State of Wisconsin, where, in the woods between Green Bay and Fox River, a conflagration raged many days, laying waste a strip of country thirty miles wide in Shawana and Oconto counties. The towns of Marinette, Peshtigo, and Little Sturgeon Bay were destroyed. At Peshtigo 320 lives were lost, seventy-five at Little Sturgeon, and hundreds more in other places, while many families were driven out of house and home. Farm buildings, fences, and bridges all over the country were swept away. Thousands of square miles of valuable pine forests were destroyed. Bears and other wild beasts were driven in dismay from the woods, and were flying about in every direction. All supplies of food for man and beast have been destroyed, and starvation during the coming winter stares them in the face. The double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* gives a graphic idea of the terrors of this unexampled conflagration.

It has been estimated that in the State of Wisconsin the fire extended over an area of 150 square miles, through a region of pine and hardwood timber, which was thickly settled. The drought in August had dried up springs, streams, and vegetation, and parched the ground to such a depth below the surface that the soil itself burned, and living trees were falling from the action of the fires which undermined them. All outstanding property was swept away, there being no water available to stop the fires. Barns and their contents, hay-stacks, corn, wood, and other property, with hundreds of miles of fences, were burned. The hardest fights against the flames were made at the saw-mills located among the pine forests of Green Bay region, but many of them have been burned.

## WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

FIVE adventurous women of this city marched boldly to the polls on last election day, and demanded to be allowed to vote. Among them was Mrs. **VICTORIA WOODHULL**, who, fresh from an interview on the house-top with the roving spirit of **DEMOSTHENES**, drove up early to the polls in a fine carriage. This lady was more determined and more demonstrative than her sister reformers. She was not to be bluffed off without an argument. Her lawyer was at hand, but she required no prompting. When her right to vote was denied, she planted herself on the Constitution of the United States, and insisted that the inspector should read the clause on which she founds her claim. The objection that no copy of that document was at hand was immediately met by the production of a pocket edition with which the fair claimant had come provided. The Republican inspector was inclined to receive her vote, but his Democratic colleague was immovable. He would not even look at the Constitution, and finally put an end to the scene by telling the persistent lady that she "obstructed the polls, and must get out." Miss **TENNIE C. CLAFFLIN** met with the same rebuff; and then, seeing that their efforts were fruitless, the ladies departed. Our artist has delineated this serio-humorous rencontre in the sketch on this page.

The only one of the five who succeeded in voting was a Mrs. **MILLER**, who afterward openly boasted that she had cast a ballot for **TWEED**. The *World* suggests that if this is a fair sample of the use which women will make of the ballot, the opposition to their demand will be stronger than ever, and humorously expresses the fear that Mrs. **MILLER** may have "chosen some untrustworthy Greek—**ALCIBIADES**, perhaps, or possibly **PISISTRATUS**—as her guide and counselor." **DEMOSTHENES** is wholly occupied by his prior engagement with Mrs. **WOODHULL**, but the *World* suggests the names of several other distinguished Grecian spirits who might be glad to undertake the task of directing Mrs. **MILLER**'s political conscience.



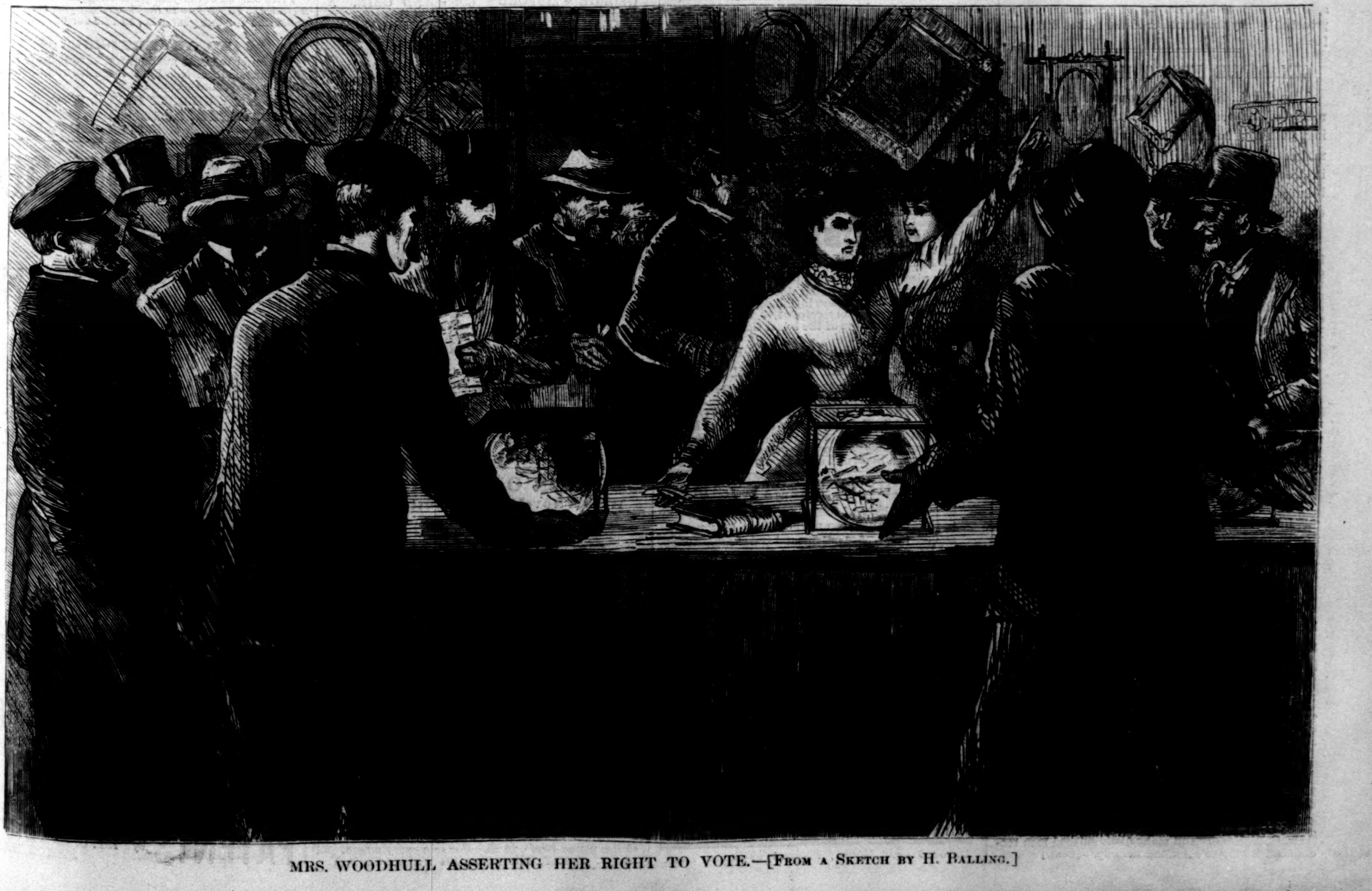
THE HON. JOEL PARKER, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDRICKS & COMPANY.]

## THE HON. JOEL PARKER.

WE give on this page a portrait of this gentleman, who has just been chosen for the second time to fill the gubernatorial chair of New Jersey. Mr. **PARKER** owes his election more to the personal esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens than to the strength of the Democratic party, the Republicans having a numerical majority in the State. He was first elected Governor in 1862, and proved himself to be an honest and able administrator of affairs, and so truly patriotic that in several of the strongly "Copperhead" counties of New Jersey he was burned in effigy by members of his own party.

## HUMAN MISERY IN LONDON.

M. **TAINE**, in his notes upon England, gives an equally terrible account of the two extremes of human life as they appear in the most neglected and poorest districts of London. Speaking of Shadwell, he describes "small streets, dusty courts, infected by a smell of rotten rags, and tapestried with poor clothing and linen hung out to dry. The children swarm. At one moment," says M. Taine, "I had fourteen or fifteen round me, dirty, barefooted, the little sister carrying the baby in her arms, the nursling of a year old, with its bald white head. Nothing can be more distressing to see than these white bodies, these flaxen tangles, these pasty cheeks plastered with dirt of long standing. They come running up, showing the gentleman to each other with curious and greedy gestures. The motionless mothers look out from the door-ways with lack-lustre eyes. The narrow dwelling may be seen within, often one single room in which all is heaped together in the foul air. The houses often consist but of one story; they are low and narrow hovels in which to sleep and die. What an abode in winter, when the window remains shut through continuous weeks of rain and fog! And that this brood may not die of hunger, the father must not drink, must never be without work, must never be ill. Here and there is a heap of street sweepings. Women were working among the rubbish. One of them, who is old and faded, had a short pipe in her mouth. They raised themselves from their work to look at me, showing brutalized, disquieting faces, like female Yahoos: perhaps that pipe, with a glass of gin, is the last idea which comes uppermost in their idiotic brain. Could any thing be found therein above the instincts and appetites of a savage or a beast of burden? A miserable black cat, lank, lame, and bewildered, watched them out of the corners of its terrified eyes, and stealthily searched about a dust-heap; the old woman followed it with looks as wild as its own, mumbling as she did so, and evidently calculating that it represented two pounds or so of meat!" M. Taine thinks the street boys of this part of London more wretched-looking and more repulsive than the Parisian "voyou," and attributes this to the "climate being worse, and the gin more murderous." But the same story is true of most large cities. Our own New York could supply M. Taine with pictures quite as terrible in their repulsive misery as those which he has drawn of the London slums.



MRS. WOODHULL ASSERTING HER RIGHT TO VOTE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY H. BALLING.]

## NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESS.

THE annals of inventions may be searched in vain for one more useful than the printing-press refered to below. It calls into activity the highest human powers, and familiarity with it affords the means, should misfortune compel such a step, of gaining a livelihood by its use. It renders incalculable service by furnishing, at a nominal cost, a way of publicity which would otherwise be disregarded—*the best way of advertising, because the most direct.* The outfit of an insurance, banker's, or merchant's office can not be reckoned complete without one of these presses.

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BENJ. O. WOODS, 351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.:

*Dear Sir,*—Two years ago I purchased of you one of your $50 Novelty Printing-Presses. Since purchasing the same it has been in almost constant use, and I can safely assert that it has paid for itself at least six times over. Our office boy, aged about 15, has had the control of it, and has printed almost all the blanks used by the company. He has frequently printed from 500 to 1000 circulars per hour, and the work has been equal to that of our best job offices. We have experienced no difficulty from its getting out of repair, which, I learn, is a common fault with other cheap presses, and I can not see that it has sustained any wear or tear. This letter-head and envelope inclosing the same were printed on your press from electrotype plates.

I think you would be conferring a favor on insurance companies by forwarding circulars and samples of your work to every one in the country, as by the use of the press they could save thousands of dollars annually.

I know this is uncalled for, but when I see a good thing I do not think it proper to keep it to myself, but desire to have others receive the benefit of it. Wishing you success, I am truly yours,

[*Com.*] WM. TREMBOR, *Secretary.*

## TASTE AND UTILITY.

NOTHING marks with greater certainty the gentility of a family than the character of the ornaments which enter into its everyday life. For example, flaring gilt frames on paintings of mediocre ability, flashy furniture, and extravagant table display point out the family which is parvenue as distinctly as overdress does the lady or gentleman. A true man avoids loudness in personal or household adornments. There are some persons who pride themselves upon the display of their silver. Their dinner and tea services are got up in the most extravagant style, with no regard to taste or adaptation to the purposes of the various articles in use. RUSKIN says that whatever is most convenient for use is always most beautiful, filling the eye with its grace and elegance. The Grecian vase is considered the model of beauty, and is introduced wherever good taste exists, because its contour is always graceful. Its organic simplicity of shape will bear ornamentation to almost any extent, and yet not verge upon the vulgar. In the manufacture of silver-ware the Old World has an advantage over us, because their wealth has grown slowly, and the taste of its possessor has kept pace with it. In the United States, where fortunes are made so rapidly, there will be luxurious articles purchased, and there may not be the taste to select the most artistic patterns. The "Gorham" Manufacturing Co. has addressed itself to the preparation of artistic designs and the manufacture of a high grade of articles of use and luxury. At the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, No. 22 John St. (up stairs), N.Y., there is a beautiful display of silver-ware for table use. Besides the certainty of having pure silver, there is a grace and finish about the work which argues well for the advance of our country in a taste for the fine arts. The Gorham Co. avoid all that is offensive to refinement; what they seek after and attain is the adaptation of patterns to the uses of the ware. In all their varieties and patterns you can discover the brain work of a cultivated artist; and with all these advantages is combined an economy of production unapproached by any manufacturer in the United States.—[*Com.*]

## EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. M. L. SLOPER, Cottonwood Falls (formerly of Leavenworth), earned, in dress-making, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 6½ months, $13,340; in 1866 she earned $4250; in December, 1867, $435. The machine has been constantly employed since 1861 without a cent for repairs.—[*Com.*]

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## IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

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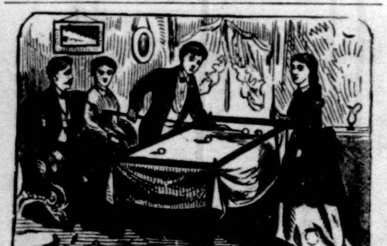

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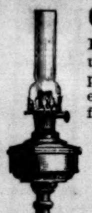

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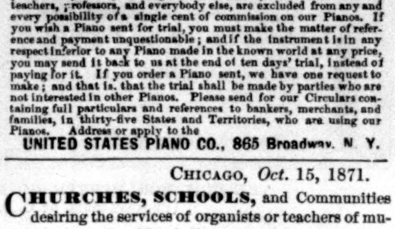

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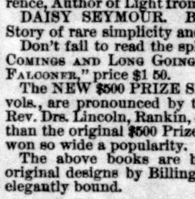

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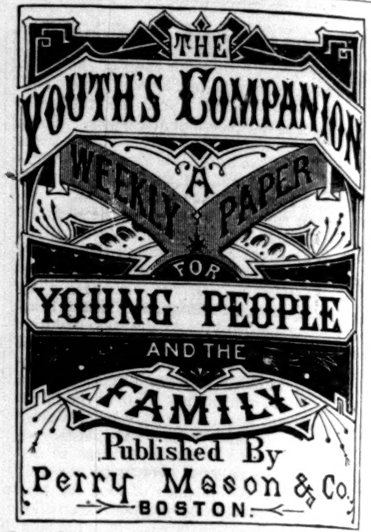

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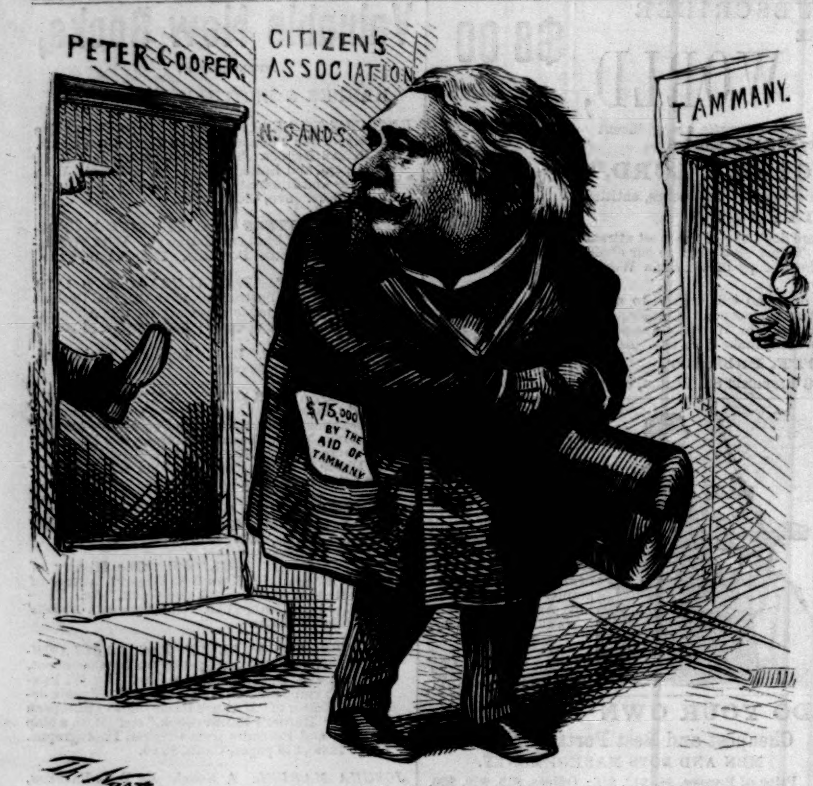

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Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent
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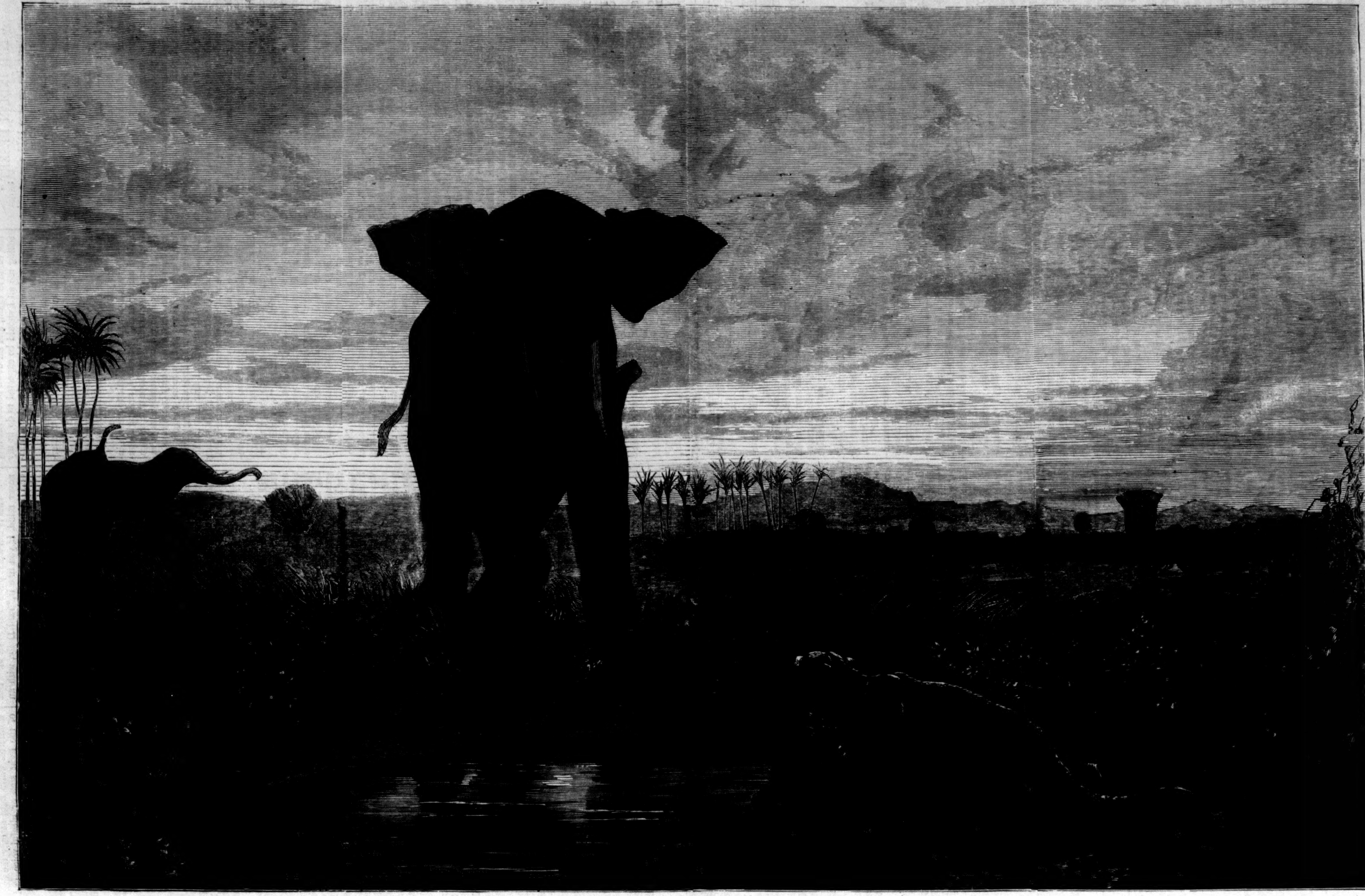


"IN THE INDIAN DESERT."—From the Picture by Decamps.—[See Page 1114.]

## "THE INDIAN DESERT."

The illustration on page 1113, from a painting by the eminent French master, Decamps, whose place has hardly been filled in the French school since his death, about ten years back, belongs to the early part of the artist's career, when he distinguished himself as a painter of Oriental subjects. It is a strange scene which the artist places before us—strange, it may seem, as a glimpse of the antediluvian or pre-Adamite earth, or even, almost, of those still remoter periods in the geologist's chronology when the world was a "desert," when gigantic saurians floundered in the primeval mud, when the mammoth roamed the universal wilderness, and behemoth and the dragons had their living prototypes. It is late evening or early morning, when the denizens of the Indian desert seek the cool water-courses to slake their burning thirst. Now slink forth the leopard and the tiger from the tangled covert of the jungle, and the cumbrous elephant frisks over the plain from the shades of the forest. Two of the wild creatures meet at the stream that is equally coveted by both. Neither will give way, but each distrusts the other. The elephant has wandered a little from his herd; the leopard prowls alone, like the beast of prey that he is.

If Decamps has not, like some of the old masters, made the joints of the elephant's hind-legs bend the wrong way, and if he has made him prick his ears after an authentic fashion, he has, we suspect, somewhat exaggerated the size of his eyes. In imaginative treatment, however, the picture is above all cavil. How terrifically the great, black, towering mass of the elephant looms against the faint light of the horizon! How extreme is the contrast between the two creatures in every particular! The one comparatively small, but of strength all compact, and armed at all points: lithe, swift, and ferocious, he may in a moment, with a dash and spring, gain the mastery. The other, an erect colossus, slow but sagacious, unwieldy, but possessed of a ponderous, irresistible force, one blow from whose tusks, or trunk, or feet would be instant death. Those who are best acquainted with Decamps's skill in technicalities will best understand how much this subject must gain with the coloring, the variety of textures, and subtile truth of effect of the original picture.

## WISELY AND WELL.

My love has set me on no pedestal;
He sees all faults in me;
He brings me nameless tenderness,
Counsel, and comfort in distress,
But no idolatry.

Since life, nor death, nor fate, nor chance, nor time,
Nor all the powers that be,
Can turn his heart from loving mine,
I need not seek to rise and shine
As his divinity.

He places honor first, duty and God;
My place is after these:
I would not it were otherwise,
I do not claim what he denies;
Be all as he doth please.

Upon his arm I lean, and am at rest,
For who so strong as he?
Though happiness is in his sight,
His absence still is a delight,
For then he trusts in me.

Dear human love—God-given in my need,
I lose no heaven for thee:
Over the stones, my trusty guide,
Through the strait gate, up the hill-side
I pass, thou leading me.

## IN SIR RUPERT'S ROOM.

### I.

I felt so young and inexperienced to enter on an engagement of trust and responsibility, such as I knew that of a governess to be, that when I drove to my first situation I saw nothing of the beauty which surrounded me. I went through the wide-spreading park, and saw nothing of the rich vast extent of green, of its silvery gleaming waters, of its giant spring-clad trees. I could only sit quite still in the corner of the long luxurious carriage, and clasp my hands, and cry in my heart that I would try with all my might to make my pupil love me, and to do well whatever I should have to do. And when Crayden Abbey came in sight at last, I looked upon its thick red walls and heavy stacks of chimneys, thinking, in a vague and dreamy way, that it was a very grand old place, but still wondering, above all, Would my pupil love me? Could I do all that I ought to do?

In a long oak-wainscoted room, with four narrow stone-mullioned windows down one side, I sat, after my solitary tea, waiting for the promised visit from my pupil. I had waited for a considerable time when Lady Hurst brought her in to me.

And such a winsome child she was! Ah, little Dolly, 'tis twenty long, long years since you came in to me that night, and, leaving your mother's side, threw two little arms about my neck, and pressed two warm red lips upon my own; but from that moment I, who had been feeling so inexpressibly lonely in the big strange house until you came, took your little image into the inmost depths of my heart; and through those twenty years it has lain there undisturbed, loved and cherished always, with a more sacred, if a sadder love, dear, than could have been if you were now a happy and a beautiful young mother in your turn.

"This is Dolly, Miss May," said Lady Hurst, laying her white ringed hand with ineffable tenderness on the child's bright hair, which fell to her waist in rich, wide, natural waves—"this is Dolly; and I would not let her come before, because I knew you would have no rest after her coming, and, therefore, your only chance was to take it before."

She left Dolly with me then, and went to dinner; but later, when the child was gone to bed, she came in again, and sat down before the fire, telling me all I should be expected to do in my new position, and speaking kind and encouraging words to me. We talked a long time of my little pupil; and the mother's voice, naturally rather chill and haughty, thrilled with unutterable pride and tenderness. And while I watched the fire-light play upon her rich dress and gleaming jewels, I wondered many things about this mother's life, so wrapped and folded was it round her youngest child.

"Perhaps Dolly may be a little too much indulged among us all," she ended, smiling a contradiction of her words, "but I hope not; though, being our only little girl, and several years younger than her brothers, and the only one always at home with us, she is perhaps more thought of. Besides which, she is such a little winning thing, and such a pet with us all. I fear that her father is really inclined to spoil her. His loving indulgence would be dangerous for another child, but I hope it will do Dolly no harm."

The voice was so very content, so very confident, that I could not help smiling too.

"My reason for wishing for so young a governess," resumed Lady Hurst, "was this: I want you sometimes kindly to join in the child's play, as there are few children near us of her age and position. I am sure that you will sometimes amuse as well as instruct your little pupil; and I hope we shall be able to make you happy in your new home."

Need I tell how gladly I promised to do so, or how grateful I felt that night, as I stood at one of my narrow, deep-set windows, looking over the wide fair moon-lit park, and thinking how kind had been my reception, and how truly and dearly I could love my little pupil?

"I will take you over the house now, Miss May, if you would like," said Dolly after breakfast next morning, in her quaint little half-shy, half-patronizing way. "Would you?"

I told her I should like it very much; and we went together, sometimes walking, sometimes running, along the intricate, endless-seeming passages, and in and out of the high, richly furnished rooms; and Dolly told me what they were called, and who occupied them, and the history of many a rare and valuable curiosity. What a grand old house it was! I felt as if I never should be able to venture alone about it. I knew that if Dolly had not been with me then I should have lost myself irrecoverably. Even when she only darted on before me into one of the rooms or up one of the staircases, I felt so bewildered that I hastened after her lest I should lose sight of my little guide.

"Shall we go on to the unused part, Miss May?" she asked, her light feet dancing at my side; "or shall you be frightened?"

"I don't think I shall be frightened in this very clear daylight, Dolly," I said, with great apparent deliberation. "Are there ghosts about, then?"

"Oh, plenty of ghosts," she laughed, softly, "plenty. But we'll go on, as you say so. We'll go into Sir Rupert's room, Miss May—shall we?"

"Oh yes," I said, readily. "Which is Sir Rupert's room?"

"I'll show you," rejoined Dolly, a little gravely; "we shall come to it presently."

We turned into a long arched corridor, lighted by small high windows, round which the ivy grew so thick that, though it was carefully cut, its depth, shadowing the narrow windows, made the noonday light in there a rather heavy and oppressive gloom.

"There are no inhabited rooms down here," Dolly said; "and no one comes here except Sir Rupert's ghost, as the boys say. But, of course, we don't believe that sort of thing, do we?"

"Only as the boys' joke," I answered, promptly, having a firm conviction that governesses ought not to allow their pupils to encourage a belief in ghosts.

"No; of course there are no ghosts *really*," said Dolly, with a little bit of awe in her lustrous eyes. "Yet, do you know that none of the servants will pass the end of this corridor after dark?"

"Very silly of them," I put in, conclusively.

"Yes, it is silly," replied Dolly, thoughtfully; "and yet, do you know, Miss May, I was frightened too, a good while ago."

"Were you really?" I inquired, gazing with feigned astonishment into the beautiful little upturned face.

"Yes, I was indeed. I never liked to come any where near here except in broad daylight, and with somebody. But Hugh and Harry laughed at me, so I left it off. But I can never leave off believing one thing. Sometimes, Miss May, I've heard—noises in Sir Rupert's room; and, though the boys laugh more than ever at that, and say it is my fancy, I know it isn't. I couldn't fancy odd noises such as I never heard before, could I, Miss May?"

"You might change natural and innocent sounds, by your fancy, into mysterious ones, dear," I said, dropping the subject. "Is this Sir Rupert's room, then?"

"Yes."

We were entering a large, very dimly lighted chamber, with a high dark wainscot, from the rich carvings of which hung heavy cobwebs, stretching from group to group of fruit and leaves and flowers; while the delicate moulding between was lost and buried in the undisturbed dust of many years. A grand old oaken bed stood opposite us; but the hangings were moth-eaten and colorless, like the soft dust-laden carpet, over which the child stepped lightly and unwillingly, holding my hand all the time, and pulling me on when I wanted to stop and look at the curious and beautiful workmanship around me.

"Come," she whispered; "don't stand just here among the—stains."

"Let us sit down, then," I said, "in this deep window-seat, and you will tell me why this is called Sir Rupert's room."

"This is the worst place of all to sit in. But never mind, if you like it," said Dolly, with an odd little attempt at fearlessness. "Are we to sit on this great cushion? The moths *are* eating it quickly, aren't they? Oh, I haven't been in here before for such a time; and—and I think we won't mind going into the inner room to-day, will we?"

"I think we have seen quite enough for one day," I answered, seeing she was anxious for that reply. "Which is the inner room? Is that great door the entrance to it?"

"Yes. In there is a kind of dark closet, and when you are inside you can pull a handle, and the wainscot on this side slides over the door and hides it entirely. But papa says the machinery is all rusty now, and will not move. That's the key of the door hanging up beside it; but papa goes in sometimes, so that isn't rusty. I don't think there's any thing inside except all the big old pictures out of this room piled against the wall there."

"I see, dear; and who was Sir Rupert?"

"Oh, I'll tell you all the story, if you like," said Dolly, in a low, serious voice, as she nestled beside me on the deep window-seat in the gloomy room. "This house, you know, Miss May, was quite old in those times when King Charles was fighting against his people, and his people fighting against him; and my great-great-great-grandfather was one of those people who"—here the little lips grew rather tight and stern—"went against his king. He ought not to have been living in this house really, because Sir Rupert was the oldest brother; but Sir Rupert hadn't any wife or children, and didn't care to live any where particularly, but liked to go about with the king and the soldiers—of course he fought on the right side—so he sold this Abbey to his brother, who had it full of servants and people that were all Puritans. Then there was that terrible battle, you know, when King Charles was beaten, and all the Cavaliers had to hide away wherever they could. And late that night my great-great-great-grandfather opened the window and let poor Sir Rupert creep into the house to find a shelter. They were on different sides, you see, about Oliver Cromwell and King Charles, but, of course, they loved each other, because they were brothers—though papa says all brothers didn't love each other in those days—and Mr. Hurst brought Sir Rupert up here, and brought him nice things to eat and drink, and never told any one. He locked that outer door upon him, and felt he was quite safe here; but if he heard any alarm, he was to keep in the little room and slide back the panel. Of course poor Sir Rupert felt himself safe in his brother's house, and used to come out of his closet a good deal and walk about here. But one evening, just as he was coming out to breathe a little fresh air, he saw a man, a horrible Puritan servant with short hair, jump in softly from the window-sill, and stand there, and tell him Cromwell's soldiers were behind. Sir Rupert knew that the man who had betrayed him was one of his brother's servants; he knew his brother couldn't fight against his own side, even for him; and he knew that he couldn't kill a whole troop. So he—he just raised his pistol, Miss May, and shot the man dead on—on that very spot at our feet where the stain is; for he had never ventured to go farther in after he had seen Sir Rupert's figure in the door-way. Do you know that these rooms are so far away from the cheerful part of the house, and the walls are so thick, that nobody heard the shot, and Sir Rupert was standing quite still there, and the dead man was lying quite still here, when Mr. Hurst came in on one of his visits. They had not said one word to each other, but one brother was holding out his hand sorrowfully, and the other was holding his forgivingly, and both were very, very sad, when a crowd of soldiers followed their guide through this window. Oh, Miss May, mustn't it have been a dreadful, dreadful sight—especially to Mr. Hurst, who knew he couldn't prevent them taking his brother? But they did *not* take him, Miss May, after all. There was a terrible fight here—here on this very floor—and they left Sir Rupert dead in the door-way, just where he had been all the time. Certainly it was his own fault that he was killed, as he wouldn't let them take him alive, and he had fired the first shot, too; but it was a shameful thing for so many to fight against one. Before he died he had killed two of them, Miss May—two more besides his brother's servant. Now you know why the carpet is so stained. Oh, isn't it a terrible story? And it is that very fight that I can sometimes hear—scuffling and struggling—and oh! all so distinct. Let us go now; shall we?"

I saw that the child had wrought herself into a painful state of excitement in telling the story; and so, while I soothed and quieted her, we left the room together.

### II.

The months passed so smoothly, pleasantly, and uneventfully in my new home, that Christmas seemed to come upon me almost unawares. I was very happy, in spite of that lonely-heartedness which is always, I think, inseparable from a governess's life; and I loved my little pupil so dearly that, even if I had had a happy home to go to for that happy time, I could hardly have borne to leave her. Hugh and Harry were at the Abbey now for their Christmas vacation, and they and Dolly and I had grown to be very firm and merry friends together. They were bold, daring boys, pleasant and good-natured; but I never wondered that the gentle, brilliant, beautiful child, my little one, should be the idol of the house. Day by day she seemed to grow deeper and deeper into all our hearts—if she possibly could grow deeper into her mother's than she must have been from her birth. I used to notice, even with a trembling fear, how that mother's calm face would brighten with a wonderful warm light at only the distant sound of the light step or gleeful voice, and how Sir Hugh's rapid, impetuous tones would soften tenderly, and his quick eyes fill with a deep and quiet love, at touch of the tiny caressing fingers.

Great days there were at Crayden Abbey through that Christmas-time, and at all the other great houses within reach of us, where there were children to come home and to be entertained. And at all these parties I was proud and glad to see how my little one, in her radiant childish beauty, reigned a fairy queen among other children. What her mother felt, seeing this, I could often guess—guess sometimes with a pang of bitter pain.

Of course there were many nights that winter-time when Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst went out alone, and the boys and Dolly and I had the big old house to ourselves. A merry, noisy, echoing place we made of it then, you may be sure.

On this night that I am going to tell of Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst were to dine at a distance—so far off that they started quite early in the afternoon. Dolly stood in the hall, talking to her father and me, while we waited for Lady Hurst to come down stairs.

"Take care of your little sister, my lads," said Sir Hugh, as the boys dashed in and pulled up suddenly, for they still stood in a little wholesome awe of their father; "and take care of Miss May too; and enjoy yourselves as much as you can; and don't expect us till you see us, for our coming home appears to me extremely uncertain. Here's mamma; another kiss, my beauty."

This was to Dolly, who sprang into his arms, and laid her little bright head upon his shoulder.

"Good-by, papa; I'll take care of them all."

This was one of Dolly's favorite jokes, and we always laughed at it, just as if we had never heard it before.

"That's right, dear. Now I shall know they are all safe," said Sir Hugh, his eyes full of a smile that was good to see, as he felt the warm little cheek against his own. "Good-by, my treasure! good-by, my best little treasure!"

Lady Hurst sailed down the broad oak stairs, holding up her white velvet skirt in one hand, and a rare and brilliant bouquet in the other. Dolly had taken her fur cloak from the maid, and now came forward with it. But when she held it up, daintily and demurely, her mother dropped the frail flowers and the rich white dress, and kneeling down upon it on the marble pavement, to bring her face on a level with the child's, clasped her closely to her.

"Dolly darling, the little arms are too short yet; put them round mother's neck instead."

As she knelt so, the child fast in her embrace, the flowers crushed and unheeded at her feet, the father looking down upon them both with a curious glad pride and tenderness, a strange incomprehensible fear stole over me, a fear of their leaving me alone with the care of their darling, and for a minute the responsibility seemed greater than I could bear. Only for that minute did I feel it, though. When we all stood together to watch the carriage out of sight, we were the gayest little party possible.

"Miss May, will you consent to hide-and-seek?" asked Hugh, beginning at once to follow his father's advice, and enjoy himself.

"Yes, willingly, if Dolly and Harry like it."

"Oh yes, we like it!" they both cried at once; and I said we would begin at once, as it would not be light very long, and then we could play fire-light games in the school-room.

They answered delightedly, and we raced each other along the passages, while the echo of our rapid footsteps and our laughter went before.

It was a grand house for hide-and-seek; and I enjoyed the game as thoroughly as the children did.

"Just one more find—just one more, please, Miss May," pleaded Dolly, when I, feeling the short winter afternoon was drawing in, proposed to change the game. "I have a plan, and I want just one more hide, please," she went on, her little feet dancing, as they always did when she was earnest and excited: "I have a plan: just one more hide, please. Hugh, it's your turn to seek."

She watched Hugh out of sight with impatient eyes; then she whispered her plan:

"Miss May, you and I will hide in Sir Rupert's room. Hugh will never, never guess it; because—because he knows I'm a little bit frightened of being there—at least, that I used to be. So he will never look there, and never find us, never, and our side will win. Would you mind, though?"

*I* mind, if she did not!

"Then come now, quick. Harry will lock us in, won't you, Harry? and hang the key up again where it is now; then hide yourself somewhere, as far away as possible. Oh, what a good thought it is! Hugh *never* will guess."

The light feet ran down the gloomy, darkening corridor, I following closely, for Dolly had fast hold of my dress all the time. We went gayly together into the great high room, walking heedlessly over those faded stains on the colorless carpet. When Harry took down the key, and I saw how large and massive it was, an odd little shudder crept over me; but before I could speak he had opened the door, and Dolly, half curiously, half timidly, stepped in, still holding me so that I could not but follow immediately. Harry hung the key upon its hook again, and then ran off.

Dolly still held me in the darkness, and I was very glad. I felt almost afraid of her passing from my touch as well as from my sight. Presently we grew accustomed to the blackness; and Dolly even whispered, laughing softly, that it would be greater fun still if we could slide the panel back, so that neither Hugh nor Harry could find us. For my own part, I felt relieved that we could not; and I said I fancied Hugh would hardly be able to find us as it was.

"I don't really think he will," cried Dolly, in her gleeful voice. "I don't seem a bit afraid now; do you?"

"No; but I want to feel what the place is like. Let me go a moment, pet."

But when I moved my hand along the walls I felt nothing but dust and cobwebs, until it came against the pile of old pictures propped there. Dolly's groping fingers had just seized mine again, when we could hear the noisy opening of the door at the other end of the long outer room, and we guessed rightly that Harry was found, and that Hugh had a good idea of our hiding-place.

"Stop, stop a moment!" exclaimed Dolly, in an excited whisper: "I'll go behind the big pictures. I won't mind the dirt."

Before I had time to stop her or help her she was, I suppose, safely hidden under the boards and canvas, for her voice had a half-muffled sound when she told me she was "all right now."

At that instant I heard the key put into the lock, and through the open door-way came a little light at last.

"Miss May, I declare!" shouted Hugh, pulling me triumphantly from the narrow room. "Now where's Dolly? Not far off, I'll be bound."

He was just going back to seek Dolly, when Harry, guessing her stratagem, and pleased to delay his brother's triumph, pulled him back, turned the key upon his sister, and, with it in his hand, ran off, shouting that our side was not beaten yet.

This, of course, assured Hugh that Dolly was hidden in the closet; and he turned and followed, crying that this was unfair, as it certainly was. But Harry had had a good start, and was the better runner too.

"Dolly, my darling," I cried, wishing with all my heart that I was locked into the darkness with her, "come close to the door and talk to me. You will not mind being by yourself a very little time. Hugh is gone for the key; he will be back in a few minutes."

I heard a movement of the boards, and I waited.

"Come close to me, with only the door between us, Dolly."

"I can not," answered a distant, muffled voice; "the things have slipped, and I can not get out now till you come and move them. I don't mind, Miss May dear. I'm not afraid—don't you mind."

I ran to the other door, and called and listened, but I heard no sign of the boys' return.

"Do you hear them coming now?" questioned Dolly's distant voice, when I had regained my old position.

"Not yet, dear; but they must come in a few minutes."

And again I ran and shouted; but the dismal corridor only echoed my own frightened tones, and gave me back no answer.

"Dolly dear," I cried again through the key-hole, only wanting to hear her speak—"Dolly, I am here."

Then the little weak voice answered me,

"Miss May dear, I feel so strange, just as if I couldn't breathe. And I hear odd sounds—do you?"

"No, darling, nothing. Perhaps you hear the boys."

"N-no. Will they come soon?"

"I think so, pet; I am going to hasten them now. I shall only be a minute or two away."

"Don't go yet," the child pleaded; "wait a little minute. Hugh is sure to come. It is *so* dark."

Then I put my mouth to the key-hole, and spoke to my little one again.

"Do you hear me, darling?"

"Yes."

"Then, Dolly dear, if I sing your favorite hymn, will you sing it with me? We should be more companions so; and it would do us good and cheer us."

She began the hymn at once, without waiting to answer me; and I joined her, singing as loudly as I could, glad that my plan had succeeded so well. But presently I missed the little smothered voice, and I stopped, calling out to ask her why it was.

"I can't, Miss May"—the answer seemed more faint and distant now, though my ear was at the key-hole; "I feel as if I could do nothing. Don't go."

"I must, my darling," I cried, in untold fear: "I must go for Harry."

I fled along the passages, calling at every step, stopping at every door and window with the same cry—"Hugh! Harry! boys!"

At last, through one of the staircase windows, I saw them, and I darted from the house and followed. I was just in sight of them, when I saw Hugh seize Harry, who laughingly held the key up at arms-length out of his brother's reach. As Hugh sprang to grasp it, Harry flung it from him heedlessly—flung it in one moment over the stone wall of the kitchen-garden; but none but myself could see that it fell into the old deep unused well. I saw the key drop, though I did not hear it; and I looked for one helpless moment down the shaft, while Harry's cry was half laughter, and Hugh's angry exclamation pierced me where I stood. Then I ran wildly back to the house, seeing nothing and hearing nothing by the way. I sped in through one of the servants' entrances, shouting as I ran, to tell them to send men to Sir Rupert's room with tools to break the door. I knew they heard and understood me, though I never stopped to say it; and I fled on breathlessly up the stairs and along the corridor, crying now, in my passionate, eager fear, that I was coming to rescue my darling. But this I knew I cried below my breath, in the death-like muffled fear which was clinging round my heart.

"Here I am, my pet," I whispered, bending to the key-hole; "you shall be let out in a moment now."

But no answer came from my imprisoned child.

"Speak to me, Dolly dear," I cried, my voice shrill and tremulous; "just one word."

And I listened with beating heart for the distant voice. But no answer, not even a faint, faint word, came back to me.

"I am so lonely here without you, pet."

No answer still.

Then I beat at the door wildly, crying—literally shrieking—for help. I heard footsteps hurrying up the distant stairs, and I called to the servants to make haste, breaking off in that cry to plead again with my little one for just one word.

"Dolly! darling! Dolly! Dolly!—answer me one word, my dearest."

The steps came on through the passage and into the room, and a crowd of curious or troubled faces gathered round me. Some one took my hands from the door, and I started back, uttering brokenly my thanks and gratitude.

One heavy blow upon the door broke it a little, but did not open it. My glad, exultant cry pierced the thick panels.

"*Now* we are coming, Dolly dear, *now* we are coming;" and while they tried a second time in vain, I wrung my hands, still crying with all my useless strength, "Now, darling, *now* you are to come to me."

The door burst open; then I felt suddenly blinded and bewildered by looking into the darkness beyond, and I crept back a little way. The men clustered into the narrow closet. Hugh and Harry, foremost of them all, were groping in the dark as they called their little sister's name.

With a new and sudden strength I pushed the crowding forms aside, and took the heavy pictures easily in my shaking hands, and moved them away as if they had been of feather's weight. Then, even in the deep gloom, I could see her—I often see her so, even now, in my troubled dreams.

With the little white figure in my arms, the long bright hair hanging against me—one tangled, clotted mass touching my hand with a touch that wrung my heart with a sharp and shuddering agony—I came out from the darkness.

I think they all drew back from me as I bore her through them; but the crowd of horror-stricken faces followed me afar off as I tottered from that gloomy room with my darling.

My darling! Ah, it was too hard just yet to think that this little bleeding form, in its soiled and stained white dress, was not my little one, but that she lived already another life than ours, far, far away from us all, in a white robe that never should be stained nor spotted more.

I laid her on her own little bed in the softened lamp-light; I washed the little white shoulder that had been so cruelly bitten; I washed and brushed the soft, rippling hair; and then I sat beside her, and my eyes were aching, aching, as they were fixed upon the little white, still face.

I know not who came or went; I know not if any one staid with me; I know not how many hours I sat so; but at last, late—very late—in the winter night, whose chill I could not feel, I knew that the door had opened for the mother to come in. I heard each footstep, as if it fell upon my own heart, while she came up to the side of the little bed opposite me.

I slowly lifted my heavy eyes, in which all life and light seemed to have died forever, from my little one's face to the one that bent above it—a face I could hardly have recognized. My lips moved; I was trying to tell the mother how I had killed her child; but no sound came. I fancied I was speaking fast and loud, but though the words were framed by my tight stiff lips, no sound followed. Looking across the bed, the mother strangely, coldly signed to some one to take me away. They raised me, and led me toward the door, while the figures all melted slowly and mistily from around me, leaving nothing distinct but that wild, cold look with which I had been sent from my darling's side. My feet tottered, my head swam. I suppose I drew back as they forced me on; I suppose I would not let them take me away. I know I fancied I was dying too, and wanted to die there beside the child whom I had killed; but at that instant Sir Hugh, his face fierce and cruel in its anguish, shut the door with his own hand against me. Then, through the closed door, there followed me one thrilling, agonized cry—a cry like which I never have heard cry since, like which I hope that I may die before I hear a cry again; and then all the dreary world was blotted from me in a sudden, heavy, lasting darkness.

Many and many a winter day I spent in my own room, apart from all sound in the great silent Abbey, too ill and weak to move, after the terrible blindness had left me. Sometimes a pitying face would look in upon me, sometimes a pitying word be said, but never a loving one, never a tender one. I did not wonder that only the servants came to see me. I knew how hard it would be for any one who had loved Dolly to bear to look upon my face. So, one early, early morning, as soon as I was able to walk, I crept away to my darling's grave, and from there, when the sun had risen, I crept farther out into the wide cold world, which seemed to me just then only a vaster, lonelier grave than the one on which my burning, fevered cheek had rested.

I did not know until long afterward that I had been alone at Crayden Abbey with the servants through all those weeks; that Lady Hurst and Sir Hugh had left it after the funeral; for the mother's heart was broken, and they feared her life or reason going, if she staid in the memory-haunted place. That is twenty years ago, as I said; and Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst have never returned to England. Mr. Hugh and his wife and children live at the old place now; but the long gloomy passage has been built up, and there is no entrance now to Sir Rupert's room. Sir Hugh's grandchildren have not even heard of its existence, nor do they ever hear the "scuffling, struggling sounds," which must have frightened my darling to death in that rat-haunted darkness, even before the savage bite was given—the sounds that she used to say she heard in that past time, when she fancied Sir Rupert's ghost fought still at times with his betrayer.

Twenty years! and I have never told this tale before. I do it simply now, without preface or appendix. It matters not where I lived before those few months which I have told of, and which seem to hold my entire life; it matters not where I have lived since. The name I have given here is not my own; yet is my little story true—most sadly, pitifully true.

## THE HOLLY, LAUREL, AND YEW.

The white rime sits on the silvered bough,
The red-berried holly, the green-spiked yew;
The shining laurel is frosted now,
And the hours of the daylight are short and few.

But kind hearts beat by the bright fireside,
And soft eyes sparkle by candle-light;
And we draw the curtains at eventide,
Shut out the shadows, and welcome night.

The snow-flakes fall through the darkened air,
But never a morsel for that care we;
And, it may be, we have silver to spare,
And can give to the homeless a penny fee.

Ah! brighter then shines the homestead fire,
And dearer seem the dear faces all,
If we stretch out our hand to pull out of the mire
A brother who into it chances to fall!

As we would be done by, let us do;
A blessing shall be on our labors still;
And the evergreens—holly and laurel and yew—
Be the emblems green of our hearts' good-will!

## AUSTRALIAN SALT LAKES.

An interesting description of the salt lakes of Australia is given by a writer in the Sydney *Empire*, who, speaking of the salt lakes and mineral springs on the Paroo, says: "These wells are a real curiosity to many, if not to all. Mounds of earth rise about ten or fifteen feet over the surface, no doubt thrown up by the force of the water; they form a kind of oasis in the wilderness, and have saved the lives of many a weary wanderer. These mounds can be seen for miles. The water is very clear and soft. It is impregnated with magnesia, soda, and alum. It is very palatable to drink, and I think very wholesome. The water does not flow after touching the surface, but as soon as it overflows the fort-like basin sinks into the earth. The alum and soda crack under your feet, as you walk around these wells, like frozen snow. Sand-storms occasionally set in with great violence, sweeping along and drifting like snow; but in this they differ, that nothing is proof against the penetrating propensity of the sand. It enters your eyes, your nose, your mouth, your ears; even your very skin seems gritty from it, and every thing is covered with it. It enters all culinary matters, so that while it lasts you are continually eating, drinking, and wearing sand. As an instance, the first evening I entered the Paroo one of the sand-storms set in, and after viewing one of those beautiful clear lakes, in which we thought we could quench our thirst, having had nothing to drink since the morning, what was our surprise, I might almost say despair, to find that the water was salt as brine. The driving sand beat with such fury that we could not see each other on the road. Our party numbered five, and I took the bridle and saddle off my horse and let him go to shift for himself. I lay down, putting the saddle between myself and the storm for shelter. The morning at last came, and I found about five miles distant my party, horse, and water."

## HUMORS OF THE STAGE.

It is curious how many of the incidents and details of theatrical representation escape the notice of the audience. And here we are referring less to merits than to mischances. Good acting may not always obtain due recognition; but then how often bad acting and accidental deficiencies remain undetected! "We were all terribly out, but the audience did not see it," actors will often candidly admit. Although we in front sometimes see and hear things we should not, some peculiarity of our position blinds and deafens us to much. Our eyes are beguiled into accepting age for youth, shabbiness for finery, tinsel for splendor. Garrick frankly owned that he had once appeared upon the stage so inebriated as to be scarcely able to articulate, but "his friends endeavored to stifle or cover this trespass with loud applause," and the majority of the audience did not perceive that any thing extraordinary was the matter. What happened to Garrick on that occasion has happened to others of his profession. And our ears do not catch much of what is uttered on the stage. Young, the actor, used to relate that on one occasion, when playing the hero of the "Gamester" to the Mrs. Beverley of Sarah Siddons, he was so overcome by the passion of her acting as to be quite unable to proceed with his part. There was a long pause, during which the prompter several times repeated the words which Beverley should speak. Then "Mrs. Siddons, coming up to her fellow-actor, put the tips of her fingers upon his shoulders, and said, in a low voice, 'Mr. Young, recollect yourself.'" Yet probably from the front of the house nothing was seen or heard of this. Players will thus sometimes prompt each other through whole scenes, interchange remarks as to necessary adjustments of dress, or instructions as to "business" to be gone through, without exciting the attention of the audience.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in her Journal of her Tour in America, gives an amusing account of a performance of the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet," not as it seemed to the spectators, but as it really was, with the whispered communications of the actors. Romeo, at the words "Quick, let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms," pounced upon his playfellow, plucked her up in his arms "like an uncomfortable bundle," and staggered down the stage with her. Juliet whispers, "Oh, you've got me up horridly! That'll never do; let me down. Pray let me down!" But Romeo proceeds, from the acting version of the play, be it understood:

"There, breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,
And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!"

Juliet continues to whisper: "Pray put me down; you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly." "In the midst of 'cruel, cursed fate,' his dagger fell out of his dress. I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end." The performance thus went on:

Romeo. Tear not my heart-strings thus!
They break! they crack! Juliet! Juliet!
(*Dies.*)

Juliet (*to corpse*). Am I smothering you?

Corpse. Not at all. But could you, do you think, be so kind as to put my wig on again for me? It has fallen off.

Juliet (*to corpse*). I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you? (*Corpse nodded.*)

Juliet (*to corpse*). Where's your dagger?

Corpse (*to Juliet*). 'Pon my soul I don't know.

The same vivacious writer supplies a corresponding account of the representation of "Venice Preserved," in which, of course, she appeared as Belvidera. "When I went on I was nearly tumbling down at the sight of my Jaffier, who looked like the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," with the addition of some devilish red slashes along his thighs and arms. The first scene passed off well, but oh! the next, and the next, and the next to that! Whenever he was not glued to my side (and that was seldom) he stood three yards behind me; he did nothing but seize my hand and grapple it so hard that, unless I had knocked him down (which I felt much inclined to try), I could not disengage myself. In the senate scene, when I was entreating for mercy, and struggling, as Otway has it, for my life, he was prancing round the stage in every direction, flourishing his dagger in the air. I wish to Heaven I had got up and run away; it would have been natural, and have served him extremely right. In the parting scene—oh, what a scene it was!—instead of going away from me when he said 'Farewell forever!' he stuck to my skirts, though in the same breath that I adjured him, in the words of my part, not to leave me, I added, aside, 'Get away from me—oh, do!' When I exclaimed, 'Not one kiss at parting!' he kept embracing and kissing me like mad; and when I ought to have been pursuing him, and calling after him, 'Leave thy dagger with me!' he hung himself up against the wing, and remained dangling there for five minutes. I was half crazy. I prompted him constantly, and once, after struggling in vain to free myself from him, was obliged, in the middle of my part, to exclaim, 'You hurt me dreadfully, Mr. ——.' He clung to me, cramped me, crumpled me—dreadful! I never experienced any thing like this before, and made up my mind that I never would again."

Yet the ludicrous imperfections of this performance passed unnoticed by the audience. The applause seems to have been unbounded, and the Jaffier of the night was even honored by a special call before the curtain.

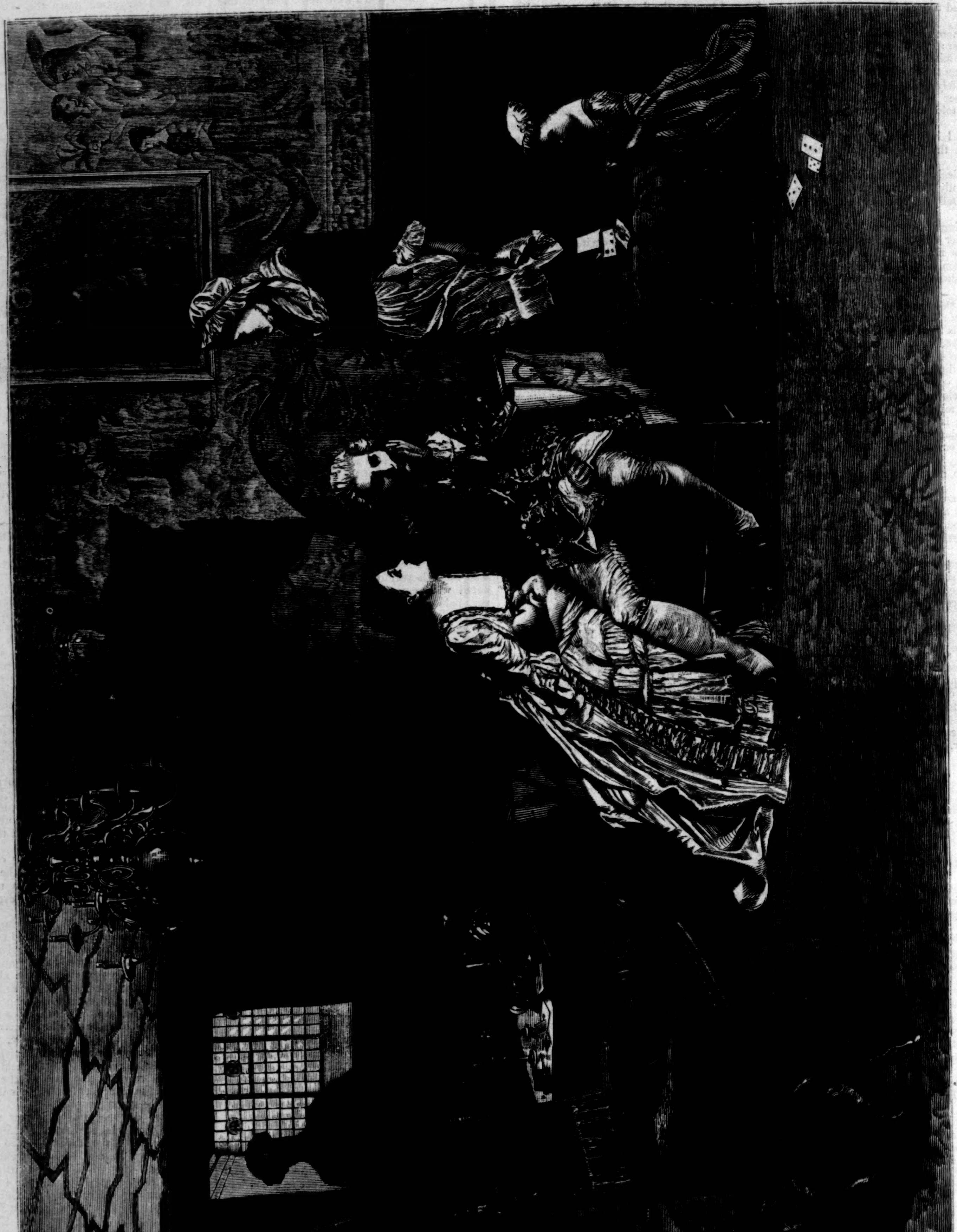
A famous Lady Macbeth, "starring" in America, had been accidentally detained on her journey to a remote theatre. She arrived in time only to change her dress rapidly and hurry on the scene. The performers were all strangers to her. At the conclusion of her first soliloquy, a messenger should enter to announce the coming of King Duncan. But what was her amazement to hear, in answer to her demand, "What is your tidings?" not the usual reply, "The king comes here to-night," but the whisper, spoken from behind a Scotch bonnet, upheld to prevent the words reaching the ears of the audience, "Hush; I'm Macbeth! We've cut the messenger out—go on please!"

Another disconcerted performer must have been the provincial Richard the Third to whom the Ratcliffe of the theatre—who ordinarily played harlequin, and could not enter without something of that tripping and twirling gait peculiar to pantomime—brought the information, long before it was due, that "the Duke of Buckingham is taken!" "Not yet, you fool," whispered Richard. "Beg pardon. Thought he was," cried Harlequin Ratcliffe, as, carried away by his feelings or the force of habit, he threw what tumblers call "a Catherine-wheel," and made a rapid exit.

## FOUR PINS.

There is or was a Polish lady, the Countess of K——, living in Paris. She wears a very singular brooch or breastpin. Encircled by twenty precious stones, on the ground of a dark blue stone, and covered by glass in front, is—what do you suppose? A portrait? No. A lock of hair? No. What then? Just *four common pins* bent together in form of a star! Why does she wear such a singular thing as this? Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was put in prison because he was thought to be a secret enemy of the government. He was put into a dark, deep dungeon, far down under the ground. He had no light. He could not tell when it was day or when it was night. He had no one to speak to, for no one was allowed to go near him but the keeper of the prison, and he was not allowed to speak to him. He had nothing to do; days, weeks, and months passed, and he was still in his dungeon; he was not brought to trial. Poor man! how miserable he was! He thought he should lose his mind; he felt his reason beginning to give way. Oh, if he only had something to do!

Feeling over his coat one day, he found four pins, and he wept for joy. But you say, *Four pins! And what use were they to him?* Why, he just took them from his coat, and threw them on the floor of his dungeon, and then he went down on his hands and knees and felt all over the floor till he found them. When he found them he scattered them on the floor again, and, could you have gone into his dungeon, you would have found him on his hands and knees groping for his four pins! It was all his work. And when, after six years' imprisonment, his cell was opened to set him at liberty, they found him groping in the dark for his pins. And he would not leave his prison without taking his four pins with him. They were his best friends, because they had given him something to do; and his countess had them made up into a breastpin, which she valued more than gold. They had preserved her husband's reason.

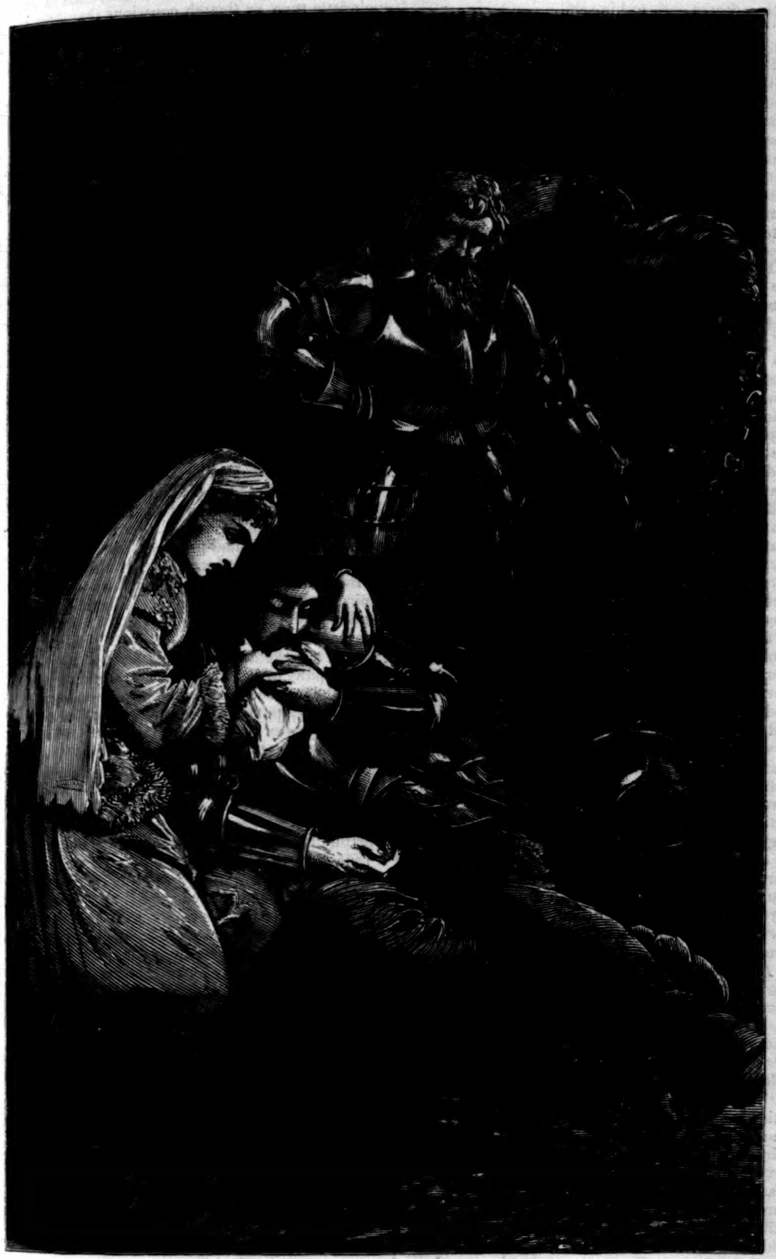

"RUIN."—[FROM THE PICTURE BY C. GREEN.]

## "RUIN."

THE late exhibition of the Royal Academy in London contained a fine picture by Mr. C. GREEN, an artist of considerable note, of which we give an engraving on this page. The costumes and furniture belong to the last century, but the incident—the ruin of a gambler and spendthrift—belongs to every age, and the moral is one of universal application. The passion for "play" is limited to no country. Its votaries are to be found in every clime, and every where they pursue their fatal pastime with the same blinded fascination.

This man has lost his last stake. The room in which he sits, oblivious of every thing save his own ruin, contains the evidence of the last night's revelry and debauch—the wine, the cards, the dice—through which his wits and fortune were lost. He takes no notice of the long-suffering wife who attempts to comfort him—as if in such a crisis as this the heaviest part of the burden did not fall upon her—none of the two bailiffs who stand modestly but watchfully in the background, while the dog sniffs cautiously at the unwonted visitors.

The fine house has fallen as suddenly as the fragile one which the little girl has built with the fateful cards, and in a day or two all the rich old furniture, the cabinets, tapestry hangings and settees, the great brass chandelier, and the carved chairs, will be wrangled over by Jew brokers, and sold for a quarter of their value. The friends of the gambler—those who helped to ruin him—will spend an hour or so at the sales, and pick up a few knickknacks, and then the great house will know other tenants. The present master, bereft alike of fortune, character, and friends, fallen into the by-ways of life, and lacking the moral stability to reform as well as the hardihood to rid himself of existence, will most likely lie in jail the greater part of his days. Even to the last he will play at pitch-penny with his wretched comrades of the prison, since he can no longer throw the dice for guineas.



"ONE KISS ON THE WHITE HAND THAT STROVE TO STANCH THE GUSHING WOUND."

## DALTON'S TRUST.

OUT through bonnie Wensleydale Rupert's summons rung;
Nortons, Scropes, and Powletts to the winds their banners flung;
Daltons, Marmions, and Fitzhughs swift to the challenge sprung.
Masham, Marske, and Middleham sent their tale of men;
Thoresby, Hawes, and Sedbergh rose to battle then;
Wensleydale called soldiers out, well-told hundreds ten.
On to fatal Marston Moor, for "Church and King and Crown,"
They marched by Tanfield's towers gray, they marched by Norlaze down;
And the minster bells rang merrily as they passed through Ripon town.
"Great our King and true our cause," Mabel Mowbray said;
"Yet my all of hope and joy rests on my father's head:
What were Church and throne to me, if his life were sped?"
Dalton's boy had lingered there for a parting word;
Vassals owned his brother's rule—his naught but steed and sword;
Yet gay and gallant as the best, young Frank of Sleningford.
"Trust me for him, lady mine, trust him all to me;
Heart is stout, and hand is strong; spent they both shall be
Ere the Mowbray's good gray head down 'mid the spears I see."
By the flashing waves of Ure youth and maiden stood;
Soft his wooing whisper blent with the murmuring flood;
Round them both the morning sun glowed from Hackfall wood.
"Mabel, one word ere I go." The maiden smiled and blushed,
The sweet lips moved; the lover's heart leaped to her low "I trust."
The charger wheeled; the long white plume was lost in clouds of dust.

* * * * * * *

Sullen to the Northern Sea swept the reddened Ouse,
When the sun had set in clouds, content such sight to lose—
Royalty to people's rights had paid its deadly dues.
'Neath an old ancestral oak leaned the maiden wearily;
Up the Ure the slow mist crept, wreathing chill and eerily;
Down the vale from Jervaulx pile clang of bells came drearily.
Suddenly she raised her head, sound of hoofs to heed,
Tramp of horses, hardly pressed, spurred to desperate speed;
Every stroke rang keen and clear, like cry of bitter need.
Clattering down the winding hill on two horsemen rode;
The crimson Mowbray cognizance o'er old Sir Hubert flowed;
Broken and stained, his comrade's helm a snowy feather showed.
"He has brought thee back thy father, wench; the lad would have his way,
Else had I died mid England's best, nor mourned this fatal day.
He took a pikeman's thrust for me— What, Frank! hold up, I say!"
One flashing smile, one whispered phrase, "My trust redeemed," the sound;
One kiss on the white hand that strove to stanch the gushing wound:
'Tis but her gallant lover's corpse upon the blood-stained ground.

* * * * * * *

Old names decay, old stories die, as names and stories must;
But still the Dalton faith is known as steadfast, true, and just;
Still old men show that oak, and tell the tale of "Dalton's Trust."

## THE FATAL TRYST.

IN one of my wanderings through the beautiful County Kerry I put up for a few nights at a farmer's house situated in a somewhat isolated locality, quite out of the beaten track of the tourist. My temptation was the presence of an excellent trout stream in the neighborhood; for, being what the penny-a-liners would call an enthusiastic follower of the "gentle piscatorial craft," I would sacrifice much comfort in the matter of eating, drinking, and sleeping, if I could secure for myself some hours of my favorite sport.

The stream was narrow, but deep and rapid. I could in some parts have easily crossed it with a running jump; but there was spanning it a rustic bridge, and at a little distance from the bridge a pool, which I soon found to be a favorite haunt for my "speckled captives." The first day I appeared upon the banks of the stream with my rod and flies I noticed that the few people who went to and fro across the bridge seemed to regard me with peculiar interest. I confess I was rather aggrieved to find that there was a sort of public path over the fields through which the stream ran; not because I had any dislike to being looked at, but because I feared the sound of footsteps and the flutter of garments would disturb the trout.

But the looks of these occasional passers-by puzzled me. I was not aware that there was any thing in my appearance likely to excite any remarkable degree of reverence, and yet almost every peasant girl or woman who came over the fields and the bridge would cross herself most devoutly, after dropping me a shy courtesy.

The time of year was May, and the afternoon was bright, and even hot for the season; so, feeling a little tired, about three o'clock I laid aside my rod, and sat down under a tree to eat my luncheon. As I sprang the cork from a bottle of soda-water, I happened to look in the direction taken by the former, and I observed that it was cleverly caught by a small, black-haired, black-eyed urchin who was sitting watching me from a little distance.

"Hullo!" I said; "are you shot?"

He grinned into prominent view a set of magnificent teeth, and jumping up, came forward, pulling the peak of his cap as he walked.

"Be gorra, yer honor, ye don't want much iv a schrew wid that bottle," he said. Then picking it up from beside me, he turned it about curiously, and seemed much impressed by the fact that it would not stand. "What is it at all at all?" he said at length.

"Did you ever hear of Champagne?" I asked.

"Ay, did I; but that's not it."

"How do you know?"

"Shure, wasn't I there beyant in the Victoria Hotel, at Killarney, for a shtart? And didn't I often see the big bottles wid the shinin' paper round thim? But dickens a dhrain iver kem to me, though I nearly bruk me nick turnin' up the bottle on me head."

"And what were you at the Victoria?" I asked. "Boots, I suppose?"

"Ay, and shoes too; for many's the shoe ould Micky Donoghue, the head hostler, flung afther me whin I'd laugh at his crooked eye. But I'd be there yit," he added, reflectively, "only for the happy pairs."

"The what?" I asked, stupidly, really not knowing what he meant.

"Brides and grooms honey-mooning, yer honor. Be gorra, I was sick iv thim sthreelin' about arm in arm, not lookin' foreninst thim whin they'd go out; so I just quit."

"I understand, then, you went of your own free-will. What is your name?"

"Tim, yer honor—Tim Maloney. Tim Smart the neighbors calls me; but it's meself doesn't know why."

"Well, Tim," I said, handing him the remains of my paper of sandwiches, "I am sorry I have no Champagne to offer you, for I think it would entitle you to your nickname for a time at least. And now that those clouds have come up, I'll try my favorite pool near the bridge."

Tim made no answer; but when I got up and walked down to the brook he followed me, and stood watching me as I adjusted my rod and flies. Then he said, suddenly,

"Yer honor's a stranger in these parts, belike?"

"Yes," I said; "in this neighborhood I am quite a stranger; other parts of Kerry I know well enough. Why do you ask?"

"Becase av ye warn't, ye wouldn't fish in that pool, nor ate the laste taste iv a trouteen out iv it."

"And why not, Tim, may I ask?"

"Be gorra, there's no wan to hindher ye from axin', or fishin' aidher, for that matther; but every one's talkin' iv ye, and wontherin' ye're not afeared."

"Of what, Tim—a ghost?"

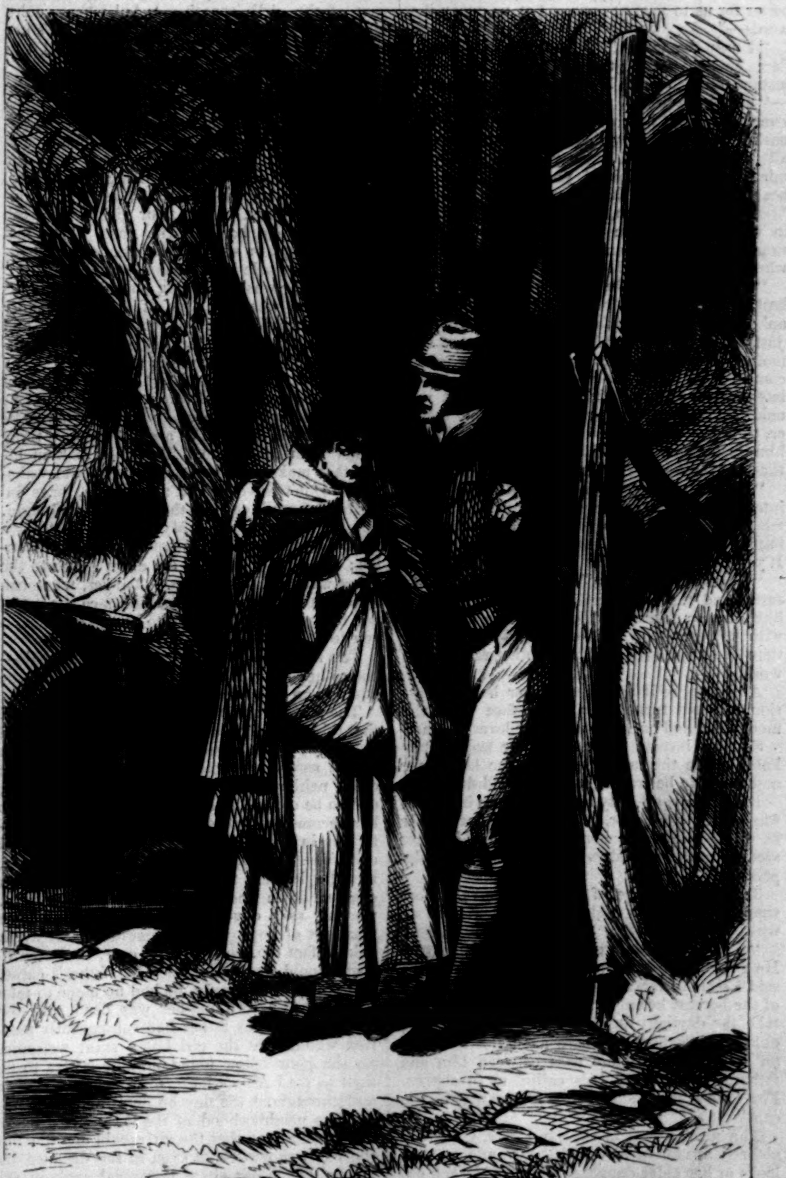
"Musha, thin, it's meself doesn't know much about it, only what I hear tell among the neighbors—an ould story now in the factions betune the Murphys and the O'Connells. But shure, av yer honor's intherested, me ould gran there above knows the whole story as pat as a spellin'-book."

Before Tim left me I had arranged to pay his "gran" a visit, and from her lips I heard the tale which I am now about to tell.

Within the memory of many besides that most respectable personage, "the oldest inhabitant," faction fights were of frequent occurrence in all parts of Ireland at fairs and "patterns." Coats would be trailed, sticks flourished, taunting words spoken, and before the sun went down blood was shed, and many a woman's tender heart broken. But even after these awful and sanguinary encounters became happily more rare the revengeful spirit remained unbroken, and an undying hate was kept up by the heads of the rival factions—a hate which too often led to consequences not less tragic than the battle upon the fair green, or in the more hallowed precincts of a holy well.

Old John O'Connell—or "Jack the Pig," as he was called, from his obstinate temper—was a prosperous farmer, who had spent all his life where his ancestors had spent their lives before him, in a snug homestead situated not twenty miles from the town of ——, County Kerry. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters. The elder, Anty, was a beautiful girl of about nineteen at the time the incidents which make my tale took place.

Mrs. O'Connell loved her husband with that faithful devotion so constantly found among Irishwomen of the peasant class; but her love was largely mingled with fear, for Jack the Pig carried his obstinacy into every relation of life; and many hundred times had his wife and daughters quailed before his denunciations of people and things, whom and which in their secret hearts they considered not only harmless but desirable. Furious and most vehement was he upon the subject of the ancient feud between the O'Connells and the Murphys; and poor Anty, who inherited from her mother a timid nature, never forgot the rude violence of his manner, nor the cutting scorn of his words, when, one afternoon at the market-town of ——, he came suddenly upon her as she stood in a group of young men and girls of her acquaintance, carry-



ANTY AND HER LOVER AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

ing on a brisk conversation, or what, had she been a young lady, would have been called a "flirtation," with one of the hated opposite faction, young John Murphy, a handsome, manly-looking fellow, whose bright honest face betrayed all the pleasure he found in the companionship of the beautiful Anty O'Connell.

But, alas, the inherited hatred of an old man, and his unthinking disregard of the natural attraction which will ever exist between a handsome man and a beautiful young woman, will not prevent the inevitable result of that mutual attraction; and the love which grew up, they knew not how, between young Murphy and Anty O'Connell was, if possible, more ardent and more impatient of all restraint from the consciousness that it was a forbidden thing. A secret understanding was the climax, and secret meetings between the lovers took place with a frequency and an amount of security which might have tended to quiet that awful dread of discovery by her fierce old father which poor timid Anty could never wholly shake off. Her pretty little sister Honor, a girl of about fifteen, was her sole confidante; for to tell her gentle and rather broken-spirited mother that she loved one of the hated Murphys—loved him with all the depth of her nature—would, she knew, be the next thing to telling her father; for poor Mrs. O'Connell was one of those women who half tell a secret by showing that they have a secret to tell.

As for Anty's lover himself, he would gladly have come boldly forward to ask for the girl's hand in marriage, had he been able to lay down a guinea on his side for every guinea of Anty's fortune; or, if he had had the gold on his side, he would have been only too glad to take the woman he loved without any dowry from her hard father. But, in spite of his love for her, his pride as a Murphy would not allow him to sue for a comparatively rich wife. So he persevered in maintaining the clandestine courtship, and trusted to time, to chance, to his "luck," and, above all, to the old man's love for his daughter, to bring about his happiness.

One lovely night in August, when a brilliant moon at her full threw exquisitely soft lights and deep shadows over the quiet fields, Anty and her lover met at their usual trysting-place—a tree near a holy well. Under that old tree they had spent many happy hours—happy because they were together, and able for a time to forget the uncertainty of the future. But at length, after a silence longer than usual—for silence is very often between lovers the most eloquent speech—Anty spoke, and her voice was trembling with intensity of feeling.

"Don't be angry with me, John agra," she whispered; "but this way we're goin' on won't bring us luck. I can't help thinking my father suspects me. Sure he might follow me any night, and then— Oh, John asthore machree, think of what would happen then! It would be better for us to part at once. Let us unsay the words—"

"Unsay the words!" John interrupted, with fierce energy, putting the girl from him for one instant, only to clasp her more closely the next—"unsay the words we swore to one another kneeling by that holy well? Never, Anty! Oh, darlint, an' is this my thanks for never heedin' all the hard words I know your people say of mine? Don't I think of your sweet face, my heart's jewel? an' that keeps my arm down. Look up, mavourneen, an' don't drown the light in yer eyes wid them salt tears. Sure a good time will come soon an' sudden: it's not always when we expect good luck that we find it."

"You're right, John; an' I do hope for the best, an' pray to the blessid Virgin for it night an' day. An' it was for the best I spoke, only just to unsay the words, an' not to meet any more in this way until, maybe, my father might come round a bit. He's been bitther entirely lately on account of that bit iv a lawsuit wid ould Pat Murphy of the mill; an' even my mother, that has a good word for every one, joined him last night in spakin' agin ivery Murphy that ever broke this world's bread."

"And you agreed with her, Anty?" again interrupted the impetuous young man. "You felt it was time then to give up any one belonging to the poor creatures that's down already. If you had ever cared for me—"

"But I do care, John," she interrupted, in her turn; and the soft, pleading voice calmed him like a magic charm. "I'd rather beg my bread with you from one end of Ireland to the other than live like a queen with any other man in the world."

And then, as if ashamed of her bold confession, the girl turned her sweet face from the moonlight, and buried it upon her lover's breast.

So then, instead of unsaying the words, they knelt beside the rude cross near the holy well, and swore to be true to each other till death.

But when poor Anty returned home her heart was heavier than ever, and the excellent humor in which she found her often stern old father seemed rather to add to than to lessen her depression.

Taking advantage of a short interval before supper that same night, Honor contrived to whisper to her sister:

"I think father suspects something, Anty. He axed me so often where ye war; an' when I said I seen ye talking to Nelly Casey at the end of the boreen, he only grunted, an' said we might take the daylight for gostherin'; an', oh, Anty, ould Jim Scanlan was here agen this evening, an' I heard your name pass between him and father. But there! he's callin' us to supper. For God's sake don't cross him, Anty, if you can."

The meal began in silence. Mrs. O'Connell glanced anxiously at the pale face and startled looks of her elder daughter; but if old Jack observed any thing unusual in her appearance, he made no sign. On the contrary, he was, as I have said, in remarkably good spirits; and the reason of his unwonted geniality presently appeared.

"Anty acushla," he said, "I've news for you that 'll put a speck iv color in yer cheeks—they're paler nor they ought to be, my girl; an' ye must put a grand polish on yer hair, an' wear yer best Sunda' coat to-morrow. There's a chap comin' that will be proud iv ye; an' well he may, an' you iv him, for a finer boy there isn't in the three parishes—ay, ye may toss yer head, Honor, but I'm spakin' the truth. I'm not goin' to keep my little colleens mowlderin' at home. Hould up yer heads, girls—there's money bid for ye; an' them that knows what's what can tell that ould Jack the Pig has something in his house besides smoke. An' now I know ye're dyin' this minnit to know who I'm manin'; so whisper—it's young Mat Scanlan ye're to have."

"Anty, what ails ye, agra?" cried Mrs. O'Connell, as the poor girl suddenly fell back in her chair, fainting; "Anty mavourneen, Anty jool, look up! Oh, John, the life has left her; she's cowld an' heavy in my arms. Spake to me, core iv my heart, and don't lave me like that!"

"What ails her?" inquired her father, sternly, when she had somewhat recovered; "I never saw her go off like that afore."

"A wakeness kem over her," Honor ventured to remark in a trembling tone.

"A wakeness!" repeated the old man, scoffingly. "I'll have no wakenesses comin' over my girls! It's their own way they want, that's what it is; but they're in the wrong box av they think they'll git round me. I'm not goin' to give them my hard earnin's unless they plaise me in the only thing I want them to plaise me in."

Poor Anty, who had recovered by this time, got up and fell at her father's feet, and clasping her trembling hands, cried, piteously,

"Don't give me any thing, father dear; I want nothing but to be let stay here an' work for you and mother while I live; but don't, for God's sake, don't ask me to marry Mat Scanlan. I'd rather die than be his wife! Oh, father, don't kill me outright—your poor Anty! Sure you wouldn't drive me to perjure myself?"

"I'll drive ye to do my biddin', or you'll lave my house wid my curse upon your head. I know what ye're afther, you desateful, mane-spirited crature! To think iv yer demanin' yerself to look at a Murphy, much less to spake to him! Get out!" and he pushed her rudely from him.

"I'll give him up, father; I'll never spake to him or meet him agin—I'll swear I won't—if you'll not bring Mat Scanlan here. I hate him, father! I could kill him if he touched me;" and the girl's slight figure grew rigid, and some of her father's fierce spirit seemed for an instant to flash into her eyes.

"I'll go bail you'll naidher meet nor spake to the dirty spalpeen while ye're undher my roof," returned the old man, quite ignoring the latter part of the girl's speech. "An' when you're married to Mat, let him look afther ye; he's not the sort iv chap to stan' much gammon, I can tell ye. An' now let me ate my supper."

Anty choked back her tears as well as she could; but she said no more. Past experience had taught the womankind in that little household the utter uselessness of resistance. She was too miserable to sleep, so she spent the greater part of that night in writing to her lover. It was not a farewell letter, and yet every word she wrote seemed to the poor girl like a fresh barrier between her and the past, which had been so happy in spite of the clouds that shadowed it and made it so incomplete.

The letter was not a long one either, but its composition was a matter of time; for Anty was not, at her best, an expert penwoman, and the expression of acute feelings upon paper seemed retarded by their excess in the writer.

"My father has found out something about us," she wrote; "but I think if he knew all he would not have been even so aisy wid me as he was; but oh, John, I'd a'most do any thing rather than rouse him. There's a look in his eye that makes my heart drop down wid wakeness. Don't be vexed wid me, alanna, for sayin' it; but I daren't go near the well this week agin, nor for long enough. My father's bent upon makin' a match betune me and young Mat Scanlan; but I tould him I'd die afore I'd go to the priest wid the likes iv him. An' yet, what can I do av he forces me? I couldn't face the world wid his curse upon me, an' to bring bad luck on you too, John darlint."

The letter wound up with two wild appeals—one to her lover to rescue her at any cost; the other to go away and leave her to her fate.

The faithful and trusty little Honor contrived that this letter should reach John Murphy's hand in safety; but the receipt of the heart-broken epistle sorely perplexed the young man. He could neither rescue his love nor give her up; and to be obliged to stand quietly apart and see her become the wife of Mat Scanlan—a man notorious in the parish for his brutal temper and evil life—was little short of maddening. Oh, how he loathed the poverty which kept him chained down under his father's humble roof, working as a day-laborer, and with no chance whatever of improving his condition! It was a painful fact too, not to be got over, that even if Anty would consent to brave her father's curse, and marry him secretly, he had no home to take her to. His own mother was dead, and the woman whom his father had subsequently married would give the girl but a scant welcome. So the poor fellow found nothing better to do than to read Anty's letter over and over again; and throughout the day he hung about the immediate neighborhood of the O'Connells' house in the vain hope that the girl would appear; but she never showed—not even in the distance did he see her going about her usual work in the farm-yard. Once he came suddenly upon old Jack himself, who scowled upon the half broken-hearted intruder, and muttered savagely, and with a coarse oath to himself,

"I'll put a spoke in yer wheel wid Mat Scanlan, my gay chap!"

But could Murphy have looked into the O'Connells' kitchen that same evening, the "last straw" would have been added to his misery. In obedience to her father's stern command, Anty was dressed in her best Sunday "coat;" but no command could put color into her wan cheeks, nor bring back the lustre of happiness to her dark eyes. She was more changed within the past four-and-twenty hours than she would have been if ten additional years of her ordinary life had passed over her head.

There were two guests present—old Jim Scanlan and his son Matthew—Anty's destined husband. He was, strictly speaking, a handsomer and a finer man than poor John Murphy: in height and make he was a perfect giant; but his face wanted the bright, frank, honest expression of his rival's, and there were many who could bear testimony to the fury of Mat's temper when he was roused—and to rouse him was, unhappily, but too easy a matter. And it was a man such as he was but too well known to be—and a furious temper was not the worst charge that could be brought against him—that O'Connell was about to force his gentle, timid child to marry; and to arrange the preliminaries of the match the father and son had come to the house that night.

Supper was over; Mrs. O'Connell and Honor were engaged at one end of the long deal table washing up the "things." The two fathers sat at the other end, nearest to the fire, each with a tumbler of whisky-punch before him, and both were talking eagerly—angrily a stranger might have thought. But the rudeness of their speech and the apparent fierceness of their gesticulations did not betoken anger; they were only the overflow of satisfaction which the two hard and crafty old men felt at the excellence of the bargain they were driving with each other. The lover was not consulted in any way in the transaction. He was left free to do his part by making himself agreeable to his intended bride, and to carry out his object he had seated himself by her side upon the "settle," which was close to the wall that in Irish cabins, even of the better sort, projects inside the door, so as to form a sort of screen to shelter those who sit round the fire from draughts.

Anty was knitting a stocking, and her fingers moved swiftly, nervously, and unceasingly, as though she found some protection in the occupation, which could be continued mechanically, and yet which gave her an excuse for keeping her eyes steadily turned away from the man beside her. Mat was at first very well satisfied with his position, and he remained for a time quiet enough, addressing to her such remarks as he thought best suited to the occasion. He admired Anty's beauty; but old Jack's guineas were of more worth in his estimation than a soft glance from her eyes would have been, had she cared to bestow even one such glance upon him. Still she was to belong to him with the guineas, and her evident indifference, if not actual repugnance, was very aggravating. He knew he was considered the "likeliest boy" in the parish by all the rustic beauties, and it wounded his vanity that the acknowledged belle of the district should treat him with disdain.

She went on knitting rapidly, her pale face growing paler, as it seemed, every moment; and her voice was so low, as she occasionally made a short answer to Mat's remarks, that he could with difficulty catch what she said. But he persevered doggedly in the prescribed jargon of rustic love-making; and had he confined himself to mere words he might at least have obtained a hearing; but he suddenly grew bolder, and slipping his arm around her waist, he tried to kiss her. The action seemed at once to inspire her with sudden strength of muscle and will. She broke from his embrace, flung her knitting into his face, and rushed away up the steep, ladder-like staircase leading to the sleeping-room above. The old men were far too intent upon their bargaining to note what had occurred. Mrs. O'Connell and Honor cast frightened glances at the figure of the repulsed lover, who remained still upon the settle, with a dark frown upon his face; but presently, after kicking the cat and the dog, who were sleeping peacefully upon the hearth, and trying to excite them to mortal combat, he folded his arms and fell, or pretended to fall, asleep.

So nearly another hour went by, and then, the punch and the discussion as to settlements being finished, O'Connell rose, saying,

"An' now, boys and girls, manin' Mat an' Anty, me an' Jim havin' finished our part in the business to our entire satisfaction, it only remains for us to give ye both our blessin', and to fix the day for his riverence to spake the words. We'll have no balderdash iv bans publishin', but just get a special— But, thunder an' ages!"—as his eyes fell upon the sleeping figure of the bridegroom elect—"what's this for? There's yer boy fast be the eye, Jimmy Scanlan. An' Anty—Where is Anty? where is she, I say?" he added, furiously, turning first to his terrified wife, and then to Honor. "Another wakeness kem over her, I suppose," he said, with a derisive chuckle, as the latter muttered something to the effect that the kitchen was hot that close night, and that Anty had gone away to the cooler room up stairs.

Up the steep stairs strode the angry father, and presently the sound of his voice speaking sharply was heard, mingled with the faint remonstrances of his unhappy daughter. But the interview was a short one. In less than ten minutes he came down again, leading, or rather dragging after him, the trembling girl, whose eyes were now blurred and red from the rush of scalding tears.

"She's a poor frightened fool, that doesn't know when she's well off," said O'Connell in an apologetic tone, as though conscious that Anty's conduct must need some excuse in the eyes of the father and son. "But you must bring her to raison yerself, Mat. It's a purty thing to see a slip iv a girl settin' her back up agin her own father. Give him yer hand, or, by the powers, I'll make ye," he added, seizing poor Anty's arm fiercely.

Mat went forward triumphantly.

"For the love of God be kind to her, the crathur!" the poor mother ventured to whisper in his ear.

It was a strange betrothal. Anty had no power to resist, but her heart seemed to die within her as she heard that day week named for her marriage with the man she loathed. She was obliged, too, in this instance, to submit to his hateful kisses, and then to sit by his side while a fresh brew of punch was made, and while her health, with that of Mat's, was drunk, amidst much hand-shaking and congratulations.

Could poor Anty have seen the restless figure which, throughout the whole of the intolerable evening, paced up and down within the view of any one emerging from her father's house, how much more miserable she would have been!

The week passed rapidly away. The bride elect could actually begin to count the few hours which had now to pass before her bondage began, if, indeed, it had not begun from the night she found herself pledged to marry Mat Scanlan; for from that moment all liberty of action seemed denied to her, and if she ventured even just beyond the precincts of the farm-yard, as though summoned by witchcraft he would be at her side. One evening, when he seemed to prefer the company of her father to that of herself, and when she saw them both comfortably seated with the unfailing punch before them, she slipped out, and sped away to the trysting-tree by the well, hoping and yet fearing to meet John Murphy there. But the familiar spot was deserted, although, had she only known it, the poor fellow was just setting out for his nightly visit to the place where he had known so much happiness. Fortunately for the girl, however, his house was a mile from the well, and long ere he reached it Honor came flying after her sister to warn her that she had been missed, and that Mat was on his way to look for her where, as it appeared, he had some reason to suspect she would be found. With a groan of despair, poor Anty hurried back; but suspicious looks met her from Mat, who had just taken enough of whisky to make him irritable, and some muttered words which fell from him made her poor heart quail.

When Sunday came she went to mass as usual with the rest of the family; but such a close watch was kept upon her that she could only exchange a fleeting look with Murphy. Honor contrived to linger behind the others as they left the chapel, and from her lips the poor fellow heard that the wedding-day was fixed. "But tell him," Anty had said, and her sister reluctantly gave him the message, "that, if I died for it, I'll see him once more, to say good-by, before I go to that man's house. Tell him to be at the well every night from this until after Wednesday; and if I can't come before, I'll be there on Wednesday. Mat can only kill me if I'm caught, and I wish he would."

The unhappy girl had grown reckless in her misery. Twice she appealed to her father at least to delay the marriage, but he would not hear her; and at last, having, as it seemed, exhausted all her powers of weeping, she found herself standing before the altar with Mat Scanlan.

"May God forgive you, father, for this morning's work!" she said, in a hard, bitter tone, as, the ceremony over, old Jack, with a sudden softening of heart, approached to kiss her. She said no more, but during the festivities, which lasted throughout the entire day, she maintained the same hard, defiant aspect.

By six o'clock in the evening there was a large assembly of the friends and neighbors of both families at O'Connell's house to celebrate the marriage; and the arrival of two fiddlers gave promise of a dance to the younger members of the company. "Jack the Pig, for once in his life, did the thing dacent," as more than one of the guests observed, to whom the character of the host was well known. An excellent supper was spread in the large kitchen, and the health of the "happy couple" was toasted amidst much stamping of feet, and cries of "Here's to ye, Mat!" "More power to ye, Mrs. Scanlan!" and many other expressions of kindly feeling, more forcible than refined.

How the pale bride sat out that feast and merry-making she never knew. At times the room seemed to swim round, and the burly form of her husband grew almost gigantic through a mist of tears. When the tables were put away, the fiddlers struck up a country-dance, and the young men claimed their partners. It was the correct thing for the bride and bridegroom to open the ball together; so Mat, as in duty bound, led Anty to the place of honor at the top of the room. "When it's over, will ye let me be quiet till—till we go?" she whispered, imploringly; and, touched with a momentary feeling of compunction at the expression of dumb agony in her eyes, he consented. Accordingly, when the dance was over, he led her, at her own request, to a seat near the open door, and went himself to find another partner.

The fun grew fast and furious, punch and raw whisky circulated freely, and the bridegroom was the life of the party; and if the men envied him his beautiful bride, still more did the women envy Anty her good fortune in having handsome Mat Scanlan for her husband. But, as the fiddlers played, and the dancers danced, no one except Honor noticed that the bride had disappeared. Yes, at the moment when the revelry in celebration of her wedding was at its height, Anty was standing beneath the trysting-tree, clasped to John Murphy's heart, and weeping her very heart out on his bosom.

In that moment of agonizing farewell tears had come to her relief, and she wept as she had never wept before. She had kept her word, for the wild delusion possessed her that when she had said that last farewell to the man she loved, she would be a faithful wife to the husband of her father's choice. But that it was a delusion she knew now—clasped in her lover's arms, with the passionate kisses falling upon her upturned face. The vows spoken that morning were utterly forgotten.

"We'll go, mavourneen," he whispered. "Darlin' of my heart, you're free still. Shure yer foot never crossed his doore, nor bit or sup of his share never touched yer lips. Something will rise up for us; an' shure av we have to beg our way to America, we'll beg it together."

"But oh, John, my poor mother! It will break her heart."

"Betther hers nor yours, asthore. Shure you're wasted to nothin' in my arms; an' may my two hands dhrop off af I don't work for ye day an' night, sooner than let that villain lay a finger on ye agin!"

"Hush!" said Anty, raising her head suddenly to listen. "What's that?"

"Only the wind, darlin'. Don't tremble like that, my lanna."

"John, you should not tempt me. I came out to say good-by to ye, an' I'll say it an' go back. I couldn't break my poor mother's heart. Oh, asthore macree, why isn't there more light, to let me see yer face plain? It may be I'll never see it again."

As she stood back from him, still holding his hands, she heard, in the intense stillness around, a step coming swiftly toward them, and at the same moment an agonized voice shouted,

"Anty! Anty!"

It was Honor who called.

Anty gave one hurried look behind her, and, closely following her sister, she saw the figures of her father and her husband, both armed with sticks, and both shouting to Honor to stand back.

The gentle voice of her young sister might have staid the terrified Anty; but the cries of the men only inspired her with the strength of despair. She broke from Murphy, who would have held her and defended her with the might of love against the right of duty. But love and duty were alike forgotten by her at that moment, and she flew like an antelope across the field.

"For the love of God, father, don't frighten the life out of her!" cried Honor. "Keep back, Mat, and maybe she'd turn. Anty, it's only me. Come back to mother!" shouted the poor girl, in desperation. But Anty only fled the faster.

"To disgrace her family this way!" muttered the old man, grasping his shillalah more tightly in his rigid hand—"to disgrace me an' mine! But she'll sup sorrow!"

"Father, father!" cried Honor again, in irrepressible terror, as a sudden thought struck her, "she's makin' for my aunt's house, an' the footbridge is broke; and, oh, father, the narrow strame is deep enough to drown ten men!—Mat, howld hard, will ye, an' let me call again!"

But Mat knew of the broken bridge and the danger, and had already sped off to intercept the flying figure. By taking a short-cut he got before her, and reached the margin of the rapid stream some seconds before she came up. She did not see him, and a piercing cry broke from her as her headlong speed was suddenly arrested by his powerful grasp. She struggled furiously to get free, for to her at that moment death itself seemed preferable to his jealous vengeance. But as she struggled, another panting figure rushed to her side, and Mat went reeling backward, stunned by a blow from Murphy's clinched hand. He quickly recovered himself, however, flung aside poor Anty—who would now, if possible, have directed all his fury to herself—and grappled his rival; and then a close and furious fight ensued between the two men.

Mat had the advantage of height and size, and ere long it was evident how this battle, fought beneath the light of the quiet stars, would end. At a little distance stood Honor, holding back her father, who would fain have joined the fray against Murphy. But the fatal ending came only too soon. Anty was standing as if turned to stone, just where her infuriated husband had flung her, and between her and the deep river there was not a foot of ground; but at length, seeing Murphy evidently giving way, and Mat gathering up all his strength for one final and crushing blow on his rival's head, with a wild cry she rushed between the combatants. The full force of Mat's heavy hand fell upon her temple, and without a groan she fell back into the stream and disappeared. The fight was indeed over.

O'Connell rushed forward, and almost together he and Murphy plunged into the water. Scanlan stood sullenly upon the bank. His hand had done the fatal deed, and he made not the slightest effort to undo it. Murphy was a good swimmer, and he dived more than once, but came up again with nothing but the weeds clinging round him; and then seeing poor old O'Connell struggling and about to sink, he seized him, and with a violent effort rescued him from sharing his unhappy daughter's fate. The next morning the body of the beautiful and once light-hearted girl was found in a deep pool, into which the current of the stream must have carried her, while the angry voices of her husband and lover were still ringing in her ears.

For the honor of the family the affair was hushed up. Murphy alone knew that the blow from Mat's hand had been the cause of poor Anty's death; but for the sake of the dead woman, who had, in fact, given her life for his, he held his peace; but he boldly appeared at her wake, and bitterly reproached the gray-haired and now miserable father, whose cold and calculating obstinacy had driven poor Anty to despair.

And so ends my true and tragic tale. The country people call the pool in which Anty's body was found the "Bride's Grave" to this day; and so great is the superstitious awe and reverence with which they regard the spot that I was looked upon as almost guilty of sacrilege for having thrown a fly over it. Nor do the young girls of the district deem it lucky to meet their sweethearts under the shade of the tree by the holy well, which is known by the name of the "Fatal Tryst."

## SOUL FOR SOUL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

O eyes, that pierce me through and through,
 And draw my very soul away,
Your sunshine may not fill my life,
 Nor turn my darkness into day.
Dear eyes, you are not made for me—
Must I from your enchantments flee?

O voice, whose cadence, rich and low,
 Stirs my frail being to its core;
Whose accents thrill my soul with hope,
 Which reason quenches evermore.
Dear voice, I dare not love thy tone—
Thou never canst be mine alone.

O hand, that lies so warm in mine,
 Whose hold is firm as hold of death,
I shrink from thine assuring clasp,
 Although it speaks of love and faith.
Dear hand, that touch is not for me;
Unloose thine hold—let me go free.

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
 And seal them with a promise true,
Can pledge so sacred have been sin?
 Must I too bid farewell to you?
Dear lips, for this world 'twere too sweet
That you and I should often meet.

O heart, that understands so well
 All that my heart longs to disclose,
Upon that faithful resting-place
 This wearied head will ne'er repose.
Dear heart, how gladly would I bear
One-half the griefs that rankle there!

O soul, that sprung to meet my own
 As though it recognized its lot,
Must my soul's portals close on thee?
 Could it exist where thou wert not?
Ah, no! Fate here forbids control;
Take all, but leave me soul for soul!

# LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER LV.

### TWO J. P.'S.

It was the Tory magistrate, Mr. Flood—the same who had ransacked Walpole's correspondence—before whom the informations were sworn against Gorman O'Shea, and the old justice of the peace was, in secret, not sorry to see the question of land tenure a source of dispute and quarrel among the very party who were always inveighing against the landlords.

When Lord Kilgobbin arrived at Kilbeggan it was nigh midnight; and as young O'Shea was at that moment a patient in the jail infirmary, and sound asleep, it was decided between Kearney and his son that they would leave him undisturbed till the following morning.

Late as it was, Kearney was so desirous to know the exact narrative of events that he resolved on seeing Mr. Flood at once. Though Dick Kearney remonstrated with his father, and reminded him that old Tom Flood, as he was called, was a bitter Tory, had neither a civil word nor a kind thought for his adversaries in politics, Kearney was determined not to be turned from his purpose by any personal consideration, and being assured by the innkeeper that he was sure to find Mr. Flood in his dining-room and over his wine, he set out for the snug cottage at the entrance of the town where the old justice of the peace resided.

Just as he had been told, Mr. Flood was still in the dinner-room, and with his guest, Tony Adams, the rector, seated with an array of decanters between them.

"Kearney—Kearney!" cried Flood, as he read the card the servant handed him. "Is it the fellow who calls himself Lord Kilgobbin, I wonder?"

"Maybe so," growled Adams, in a deep guttural, for he disliked the effort of speech.

"I don't know him, nor do I want to know him. He is one of your half-and-half Liberals that, to my thinking, are worse than the rebels themselves! What is this here in pencil on the back of the card? 'Mr. K. begs to apologize for the hour of his intrusion, and earnestly entreats a few minutes from Mr. Flood.' Show him in, Philip, show him in; and bring some fresh glasses."

Kearney made his excuses with a tact and politeness which spoke of a time when he mixed freely with the world, and old Flood was so astonished by the ease and good-breeding of his visitor that his own manner became at once courteous and urbane.

"Make no apologies about the hour, Mr. Kearney," said he. "An old bachelor's house is never very tight in discipline. Allow me to introduce Mr. Adams, Mr. Kearney—the best preacher in Ireland, and as good a judge of port-wine as of theology."

The responsive grunt of the parson was drowned in the pleasant laugh of the others, as Kearney sat down and filled his glass. In a very few words he related the reason of his visit to the town, and asked Mr. Flood to tell him what he knew of the late misadventure.

"Sworn information, drawn up by that worthy man, Pat M'Evoy, the greatest rascal in Europe, and I hope I don't hurt you by saying it, Mr. Kearney. Sworn information of a burglarious entry and an aggravated assault on the premises and person of one Peter Gill, another local blessing—bad luck to him. The aforesaid—if I spoke of him before—Gorman O'Shea having, *suadente diabolo*, smashed down doors and windows, palisadings and palings, and broken open cabinets, chests, cupboards, and other contrivances. In a word, he went into another man's house, and when asked what he did there, he threw the proprietor out of the window. There's the whole of it."

"Where was the house?"

"O'Shea's Barn."

"But, surely, O'Shea's Barn being the residence and property of his aunt, there was no impropriety in his going there?"

"The informant states that the place was in the tenancy of this said Gill, one of your own people, Mr. Kearney. I wish you luck of him."

"I disown him. Root and branch: he is a disgrace to any side. And where is Miss Betty O'Shea?"

"In a convent or a monastery, they say. She has turned abbess or monk; but, upon my conscience, from the little I've seen of her, if a strong will and a plucky heart be the qualifications, she might be the Pope!"

"And are the young man's injuries serious? Is he badly hurt? for they would not let me see him at the jail."

"Serious, I believe they are. He is cut cruelly about the face and head, and his body bruised all over. The finest peasantry have a taste for kicking with strong brogues on them, Mr. Kearney, that can not be equaled."

"I wish, with all my heart, they'd kick the English out of Ireland!" cried Kearney, with a savage energy.

"Faith, if they go on governing us in the present fashion, I do not say I'll make any great objection. Eh, Adams?"

"Maybe so!" was the slow and very guttural reply, as the fat man crossed his hands on his waistcoat.

"I'm sick of them all, Whigs and Tories," said Kearney.

"Is not every Irish gentleman sick of them, Mr. Kearney? Ain't you sick of being cheated and cajoled, and ain't *we* sick of being cheated and insulted? They seek to conciliate *you* by outraging *us*. Don't you think we could settle our own differences better among ourselves? It was Philpot Curran said of the fleas in Manchester that if they'd all pulled together, they'd have pulled him out of bed. Now, Mr. Kearney, what if we all took to 'pulling together?'"

"We can not get rid of the notion that we'd be outjockeyed," said Kearney, slowly.

"We *know*," cried the other, "that we should be outnumbered, and that is worse. Eh, Adams?"

"Ay!" sighed Adams, who did not desire to be appealed to by either side.

"Now we're alone here, and no eavesdropper near us, tell me fairly, Kearney, are you better because we are brought down in the world? Are you richer—are you greater—are you happier?"

"I believe we are, Mr. Flood, and I'll tell you why I say so."

"I'll be shot if I hear you, that's all. Fill your glass. That's old port that John Beresford tasted in the Custom-house Docks seventy odd years ago, and you are the only Whig living that ever drank a drop of it!"

"I am proud to be the first exception, and I go so far as to believe—I shall not be the last!"

"I'll send a few bottles over to that boy in the infirmary. It can not but be good for him," said Flood.

"Take care, for Heaven's sake; if he be threatened with inflammation. Do nothing without the doctor's leave."

"I wonder that the people who are so afraid of inflammation are so fond of rebellion," said he, sarcastically.

"Perhaps I could tell you that too—"

"No, do not—do not, I beseech you; reading the Whig ministers' speeches has given me such a disgust to all explanations, I'd rather concede any thing than hear how it could be defended! Apparently Mr. Disraeli is of my mind also, for he won't support Paul Hartigan's motion."

"What was Hartigan's motion?"

"For the papers, or the correspondence, or whatever they called it, that passed between Danesbury and Dan Donogan."

"But there was none."

"Is that all you know of it? They were as thick as two thieves. It was 'Dear Dane' and 'Dear Dan' between them. 'Stop the shooting. We want a light calender at the summer Assizes,' says one. 'You shall have forty thousand pounds yearly for a Catholic college, if the House will let us.' 'Thank you for nothing for the Catholic college,' says Dan. 'We want our own Parliament and our own militia: free pardon for political offenses.' What would you say to a bill to make landlord-shooting manslaughter, Mr. Kearney?"

"Justifiable homicide, Mr. Bright called it years ago; but the judges didn't see it."

"This Danesbury 'muddle,' for that is the name they give it, will be hushed up, for he has got some Tory connections, and the lords are never hard on one of their 'order,' so I hear. Hartigan is to be let have his talk out in the House, and as he is said to be violent and indiscreet, the Prime Minister will only reply to the violence and the indiscretion, and he will conclude by saying that the noble Viceroy has begged her Majesty to release him of the charge of the Irish government, and though the cabinet have urgently entreated him to remain and carry out the wise policy of conciliation so happily begun in Ireland, he is rooted in his resolve, and he will not stay; and there will be cheers! and when he adds that Mr. Cecil Walpole, having shown his great talents for intrigue, will be sent back to the fitting sphere—his old profession of diplomacy—there will be laughter, for, as the minister seldom jokes, the House will imagine this to be a slip, and then, with every one in good humor—but Paul Hartigan, who will have to withdraw his motion—the right honorable gentleman will sit down, well pleased at his afternoon's work."

Kearney could not but laugh at the sketch of a debate given with all the mimicry of tone and mock solemnity of an old debater, and the two men now became, by the bond of their geniality, like old acquaintances.

"Ah, Mr. Kearney, I won't say we'd do it better on College Green, but we'd do it more kindly, more courteously, and, above all, we'd be less hypocritical in our inquiries. I believe we try to cheat the devil in Ireland just as much as our neighbors; but we don't pretend that we are archbishops all the time we're doing it. There's where we differ from the English."

"And who is to govern us," cried Kearney, "if we have no Lord-Lieutenant?"

"The Privy Council, the Lords Justices, or maybe the Board of Works, who knows? When you are going over to Holyhead in the packet, do you ever ask if the man at the wheel is decent, or a born idiot, and liable to fits? Not a bit of it. You know that there are other people to look to this, and you trust, besides, that they'll land you all safe."

"That's true," said Kearney, and he drained his glass; "and now tell me one thing more. How will it go with young O'Shea about this scrimmage: will it be serious?"

"Curtis, the chief constable, says it will be an ugly affair enough. They'll swear hard, and they'll try to make out a title to the land through the action of trespass; and if, as I hear, the young fellow is a scamp and a bad lot—"

"Neither one nor the other," broke in Kearney; "as fine a boy and as thorough a gentleman as there is in Ireland."

"And a bit of a Fenian, too," slowly interposed Flood.

"Not that I know; I'm not sure that he follows the distinctions of party here; he is little acquainted with Ireland."

"Ho, ho! a Yankee sympathizer?"

"Not even that; an Austrian soldier, a young lieutenant of Lancers, over here for his leave."

"And why couldn't he shoot, or course, or kiss the girls, or play at foot-ball, and not be burning his fingers with the new land laws? There's plenty of ways to amuse yourself in Ireland without throwing a man out of window. Eh, Adams?" And Adams bowed his assent, but did not utter a word.

"You are not going to open more wine?" remonstrated Kearney, eagerly.

"It's done. Smell that, Mr. Kearney," cried Flood, as he held out a fresh-drawn cork at the end of the screw. "Talk to me of clove pinks and violets and carnations after that? I don't know whether you have any prayers in your Church against being led into temptation."

"Haven't we?" sighed the other.

"Then all I say is, Heaven help the people up at Oporto; they'll have more to answer for even than most men."

It was nigh dawn when they parted, Kearney muttering to himself as he sauntered back to the inn, "If port like that is the drink of the Tories, they must be good fellows with all their prejudices."

"I'll be shot if I don't like that rebel," said Flood as he went to bed.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TREATMENT OF LOVE.

Scott's treatment of love is all his own. He never lifts from the brow of beauty that white veil of modesty which heightens the loveliness it only half reveals. The passion which so many other poets have degraded is exalted and refined by the chivalry and honor and tenderness and sweetness breathed into it by the muse of Scott, which has created the loftiest and the purest ideals of pure and passionate womanhood ever bodied forth by any poet's imagination. Scott laid all nature under tribute for images of tenderness and sweetness and beauty to set forth the tenderness of woman's heart—its abiding truth, its unfailing sweetness. Beyond all other minstrels he has created an imperishable body for the purest and most ethereal ideals of love, and he has breathed an immortal spirit of purity into the most passionate emotions of the human heart. With him love at its loveliest and its loftiest is a divine thing; it is the universal link that best binds us to each other and all to God; it is the impassable barrier which separates us from the brute creation:

> "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> And men below, and saints above;
> *For love is heaven, and heaven is love.*
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> True love's the gift which God has given
> To *man alone* beneath the heaven.
> It is not fantasy's hot fire,
>  Whose wishes soon as granted fly.
> It liveth not in fierce desire;
>  With dead desire it doth not die.
> It is the secret sympathy,
> The silver link, the silken tie,
> Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
> In body and in soul can bind."